THE MISSIONARY HERALD

FEBRUARY 1931

the School of Religion

American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions

Organized 1810; Incorporated 1812, Massachusetts
Headquarters: 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

GENERAL OFFICERS

President

ROCKWELL HARMON POTTER, D.D.

Vice-Presidents

LUCIUS H. THAYER, D.D. — MRS. FRANKLIN WARNER, M.A.

Recording Secretary

OSCAR E. MAURER, D.D.

Assistant Recording Secretary

EDWARD W. CAPEN, PH.D.

Auditors

HERBERT J. WELLS — HENRY P. KENDALL — WILLIAM W. MILLS

PRUDENTIAL COMMITTEE

Chairman, ASHLEY D. LEAVITT, D.D.

President and Vice-Presidents, ex officiis

Term Expiring 1931

Arthur M. Ellis, D.D.
Theodore R. Faville, D.D.
Mrs. Robert E. Brown
Daniel I. Gross, D.D.
Miss Elizabeth J. Hurlbut
Mrs. E. E. Kent
Ashley D. Leavitt, D.D.
Rev. R. A. McConnell
George W. Owen, D.D.

Term Expiring 1932

Frederick W. Chamberlain
Mrs. Frank Gaylord Cook
Hon. Channing H. Cox
Rev. Carl M. Gates
Mrs. A. M. Gibbons
Mrs. C. E. Greef
Rev. Clarence Reidenbach, PH.D.
William E. Sweet
Franklin Warner

Term Expiring 1933

Emil Berndt
Mrs. M. H. Buckham
Charles Burbank
Miss Sarah Louise Day
J. A. Kesler
Charles S. Olcott
Mrs. E. A. Osbornson
Dean J. E. Taylor
Rev. Carl H. Veazie

Term Expiring 1934

Mrs. Ernest A. Evans
Horace F. Holton, D.D.
Rev. Douglas Horton
Mrs. William H. Medlicott
Mrs. M. T. Morrill
Elwyn G. Preston
George L. Richards, M.D.
William G. Sargent, D.D.
John G. Talcott

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS

Officers on the Retired List

JAMES L. BARTON, D.D., L.L.D.
CORNELIUS H. PATTON, D.D.
WILLIAM E. STRONG, D.D.

Executive Vice-President

FRED FIELD GOODSELL, D.D.

Foreign Department

Mrs. Lucius O. Lee, *Secretary*
Rev. Ernest W. Riggs, *Secretary*
Alden H. Clark, D.D., *Secretary*
Mabel E. Emerson, *Associate Secretary*
Wynn C. Fairfield, D.D., *Associate Secretary*
Mark H. Ward, M.D., *Medical Secretary*
Rev. Herbert E. B. Case, *Assistant Secretary*

Treasury Department

Frederick A. Gaskins, *Treasurer*
Harold B. Belcher, *Assistant Treasurer*
S. Emma Keith, *Assistant Treasurer*
Earle E. Smith, *Assistant*
Harvey L. Meeken, *Publishing and Purchasing Agent*

Home Department

Helen B. Calder, *Secretary*
D. Brewer Eddy, D.D., *Secretary*
Charles C. Merrill, D.D., *Secretary of Promotion*
Mary Preston, *Secretary of Promotion*
Mary D. Uline, *Associate Secretary*
Ruth I. Seabury, *Educational Secretary*
Mildred C. Widber, *Assistant Educational Secretary*
Mrs. Lydia Lord Davis, *Assistant Secretary*
Grace E. McConnaughey, *Assistant Secretary*

Editorial Department

Enoch F. Bell, D.D., *Secretary*
Carolyn D. Smiley, *Associate Secretary*
Dorothy P. Cushing, *Assistant Secretary*

OUR FEBRUARY ISSUE

majors in Japan. Rev. Samuel C. Bartlett, chaplain of Doshisha University and professor in its Theological School, corrects a rather prevalent misconception of the spiritual values in that great Christian school. The article is, among other things, a strong proof of the influence for good in any community of work for individual souls.

The founder of Doshisha University made his first appeal for it in a meeting of the Board in Rutland, Vermont, and one who was present as a young girl at that meeting gives a vivid word-picture of the occasion. Mrs. Kuhn's story is illustrated with a pen and ink sketch. Other sketches add to the interest of Dr. Cary's account of the Japan Mission's beginnings. Dr. Cary is an authority on all things Japanese, having worked for forty-two years in that Mission and written a "History of Christianity in Japan."

Miss Howe was in Japan for forty-one years, founded the Glory Kindergarten Training School, published kindergarten books, and in every way made an epochal contribution to the cause of education in her adopted country. She draws for us the portrait of an appealingly beautiful Christian character, a portrait that illustrates the transforming power of the Gospel.

We are not forsaking the Japan field when we devote several pages to Micronesia, with many pictures of the old American Board ships sailing to the South Seas, present scenes in those islands, and a reproduction of the clearance papers of the first *Morning Star*. What devoted, self-sacrificing young couple will heed the ringing challenge of Dr. Fairfield's article, the challenge of the eagerness and self-sacrifice of the people of Micronesia?

The subject of missions in general is stressed in this issue through Dr. Goodsell's "The Spirit of Modern Youth," Dr. Strong's question concerning the making of converts by missionaries, and "The Society of Those Who Care," by Rev. Robert S. Bartlett, formerly missionary in China, now pastor of the First Church, Norwood, Massachusetts.

Two good friends of the Board, Mr. Arthur Perry, and Mrs. William L. Adam, are tenderly remembered for their long service in the cause of missions and their wonderful personalities. The new secretary in the Home Department has an article devoted to him with his portrait.

Mrs. Rose's serial story ends in this number and is followed by the portrait of the artist who has added so much to the interest of the installments of "Diana's Indian Diary."

Entered as second-class mail matter at the Post Office, Boston, Mass.
Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized June 21, 1918

THE MISSIONARY HERALD

The Oldest Periodical in America in Continuous Circulation

A WORLD OUTLOOK FOR WORLD SERVICE

Established in 1818, succeeding *The Panoplist* established 1805, which absorbed *The Massachusetts Missionary Magazine* established June, 1803

One Dollar a Year. *No club rates.* *Ten Cents a Copy*

Order of HARVEY L. MEEKEN, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Vol. CXXVII **FEBRUARY, 1931** **No. 2**

CONTENTS

COVER. Moonlight on the Inland Sea

ARTICLES

The Spirit of Youth in Modern Missions. By Fred Field Goodsell, D.D. 50
Openings for Service Overseas 52
The Society of Those Who Care By Rev. Robert S. Bartlett 53
The Doshisha Today. Why I Believe in It. By Samuel C. Bartlett, D.D. 55
Doshisha Hymn 56
When I Saw Mr. Neesima. By Mrs. L. F. Kuhn 59
When Japan Was Closed to the Gospel. By Otis Cary, D.D. 60
Policies in Japan. By Eula Bates Lee 62
Wakuyama San and Her Gold Cup. By Annie Lyon Howe 65
Wanted—An American Family. By Wynn C. Fairfield, D.D. 67
Japanese Missionaries to the Marshall Islands 70
Appreciation of Justin Abbott. By Manilal E. Parekh . . 71
Arthur Perry of Boston 74
The New Secretary in the Home Department 74
Caroline Redfield Adam 75
Diana's Indian Diary. By Isabel Brown Rose. Conclusion 86

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH AND FOREIGN MISSIONS. Wilson P. Minton, D.D., Editor. Okuzawa Dedicates Its New Building 72
HOME BASE. Carolyn D. Smiley, Editor 76
LETTERS FROM OVERSEAS 78
OBSERVATIONS. By William E. Strong, D.D. 80
THE BOOKSHELF 82
THIS IS STATION ABCFM. Dorothy P. Cushing Announcing . 84
PERSONALIA 90
THE CHRONICLE 93

EDITORIAL STAFF OF THE MISSIONARY HERALD

Editor, ENOCH FRYE BELL

Editorial Assistant, GRACE H. KNAPP

Foreign Correspondents, HUNDREDS OF WATCHMEN AT THE CROSSROADS OF THE WORLD

All rights reserved. By the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions

Publishing Agent, *Missionary Herald,* HARVEY L. MEEKEN, 14 Beacon Street, Boston
Subscription Price: One Dollar, twelve numbers

THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH IN MODERN MISSIONS

By FRED FIELD GOODSELL

The second of a series of comments on the Five Hundred Words

THE spirit of youth must be the guide of modern missions. The spirit, I say, not the knowledge, or lack of knowledge, of youth. The spirit of modern youth is creating a new approach to every human task and problem. Missions form no exception. Old and young, we may as well acknowledge this fact and make the most of it. Conservatives who have lost confidence in modern youth may deplore it. Liberals who have not caught its significance should stop and ponder. For, believe it or not, we are edging into an era when dynamic not static interpretations of religion must dominate or religion will cease to be a creative force. The spirit of youth demands mobility, alertness, adjustment. That we must have or we perish. Not only missions but vital religion.

Science is creating a new world. Youth instinctively understands this world and intends to live in it. No longer will inflexible dogma of any kind command respect and allegiance. Not even the dogma of the science of the nineteenth century. Much less the dogma of religion. Life, movement, perpetual adjustment, flexibility, is the passion of the new age.

Timid souls shudder. Where are the old landmarks? they ask. Where are the fixed points of which we can be sure? is their plaint. Are there no unmistakable pathways to certainty? they cry.

Youth faces the new world, dauntless and determined. It welcomes all that is new or gives promise of some new gleam of truth. Courage is written across every brow. It is good to be alive! Never fear, says youth; life is a great adventure and we are seekers not only for thrills but for truth.

Jesus the Christ of Youth

Youth is the spiritual pioneer today. Its dauntless spirit is the most inspiring guide in the new world, demanding tested thought and seeking more abundant life.

Missions grounded in the fundamental urge toward sacrificial living are an integral part of life. Youth cannot and will not overlook their challenge. If the present missionary movement should disappear, youth would organize another. Missions began as a youth movement and to flourish must continue to be a youth movement. Missions have already caught one great flash of wisdom from the spirit of youth in the new world. That word roots in the spirit of Jesus himself. He lived for others. All that He was and had He was eager to share. His was no attitude of condescending grace. He moved among men as one who sought to share and serve by sharing.

There are many young people who instinctively understand Jesus. He is the Christ of youth. He appeals to those whose thinking and habits are not fixed beyond the possibility of adjustment to new worlds.

He Can Be Shared, Not Superimposed

The new approach to the task of missions at home and abroad today is the approach of eager youth to life in a rapidly changing world. One fundamental difference between the old and the new worlds is the loss of respect for external authority. Life is no longer thought of as subject to regulation "from outside." Truth to be recognized as truth must be a part of experience. This profoundly modifies the attitude with which young missionaries today go to their work in every country abroad. Their message is Jesus Christ. But not the Christ of the creeds. The Christ of the heart, the Christ they feel they have come to know in their own experience. This Christ is not external, He is an inner possession. This Christ cannot be given to another by any formula or ceremony. He cannot be proclaimed effectively by any sermon or word of testimony that is not a part of the life experience of Him who speaks. This Christ can be shared, He cannot be superimposed.

There is something more to this contrast between the old and the new approach to the task of missions. Science has taught us a new humility. We no longer fly fearlessly in the face of facts. We are learning to sit down patiently in the presence of facts and see what they have to teach us. Youth incarnates this attitude. It has become an instinctive part of the life and thought of everyone who really lives in the new world. This attitude brands hypocrisy for just what it is—a lie in action. When a young missionary today goes to the Orient he cannot claim for himself or for the civilization of the country from which he comes any superiority which is not evidenced by facts. Of this sort of superiority there appears to be very little indeed.

Of one thing he is sure. Christ is genuine. In Him there is no insincerity. He is worth sharing with others. He welcomes the seeker for truth. He hates sham and pretense and untested assertion. He appeals to the Supreme Court of Hard Facts and gladly accepts and lives by its verdicts. This Christ can be relied upon to make His own way, unaided by the false claims of Western civilization. In company with Him there will be no humiliation but much humility. He will blaze a new trail to personal and national character. Youth believes this.

The Spirit of Youth Calls for a New Synthesis of Values

Youth believes more than this. The nations of the non-Christian world have not lived in vain. Their experience is not to be scrapped. It is to be examined and evaluated. Everyone is to be given a fair chance to make a contribution to the sum total of tested ideals and reasoned faith. No nation is to be judged by its worst. All are to be measured by the best they have produced and incarnated. Youth instinctively shrinks from throwing sincere testimony out of court whenever it concerns beauty, truth, or goodness. Christ would not stand for such a procedure. He welcomes all that can be shown to have genuine value. "He that is not against us is for us." The young missionary today expects to find a great deal that is good in the culture and character of the people to whom he goes. He wants to enrich his own life and the life of the West by the treasures of the East. The Wise Men who came to adore the Christ child brought treasures. They are symbolic of the wise men in the East today. We of the West despise them at our peril. What have they to bring? Listen to Al-Ghazzali. Dig into the lore of China. Watch Gandhi. Study Kagawa. Christ would lead his modern advocates in a spiritual pilgrimage to ancient shrines, cluttered up though they may be by much that is superstitious and unworthy. He would quicken spiritual insight. Youth would distinguish between husk and kernel. The new in our approach makes contempt impossible. Love demands respect.

The spirit of youth in modern missions bids us think in terms of a new synthesis of values. The best is yet to be. Christianity has too often been Churchianity. Christ must be released from ecclesiastical prisons. He is creative. He can create a new fellowship if the traditional Church is enslaved to customs and thought patterns which are not in harmony with his free spirit. It is not Christ who is on trial but the Church which has so often imprisoned him. Youth thinks too much of Christ to let the Church suppress him. There must be some way either to remake the Church after the mind of Christ or to create a new fellowship in which His Spirit will be more at home and through which He can work freely. Youth refuses to believe that the Church as it is today is a finished, acceptable product. If it is to be a fit instrument of the Christ there must be brought to its service the gifts which other races and other nations would gladly bring to the Christ they are beginning to discern. Here again the word is genuine sharing of experience, thought, and creative activity. There must be a spiritual round table about which all can gather on equal terms. Something far beyond the vision of those who think in terms of traditional Protestantism sways the imagination and inspires the hope of the youthful Christ in the hearts of Christian youth today.

We Can All Share the Spirit of Youth

Youth is not a matter of years. It is a matter of attitude. It is possible for all engaged in a spiritual enterprise to share the outlook and the enthusiasm of youth. At the center there must be a passion for reality, essential humility, openmindedness, and insight. No one, no matter what his years, will get very far in our new world of close human relationships made inevitable by the inventions of science, without these qualities. By the same token, those who hold unflinchingly to the ideals of sincerity, humility, openmindedness, and invincible good will, will soon find themselves keeping step with Christ in his march around the world and into all the avenues of human life. Nothing but selfishness and pride can prevent the progressive permeation of the world by His Spirit. What we have been accustomed to call salvation is the transformation which his presence will bring to pass. "Every man who is in Christ is a new creation." God has sent him "to preach the Gospel to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captive, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised and to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." Christ is already the moral standard by which the world is judging the actions of men and nations. What we see today is not so much the West ministering to the East or the East hurling charges of inconsistency at the West as both together sharing their best experiences and seeking abundant life as Christ incarnates it.

Youth everywhere instinctively understands Christ when it sees Him. It knows He makes an invincible appeal to men conscious of their need of something better than themselves. Youth understands also that His Spirit can be released and shared only by those who are willing to make Him the touchstone of their daily living. These convictions form the solid hope of missions.

OPENINGS FOR SERVICE OVERSEAS

The workers listed below are all urgently needed in 1931. Because of the reduced budget for new workers only about thirty can be sent, except as extra funds are secured. Young men and women of adequate education, who desire to make their lives count in the bringing in of God's Kingdom among men of all races, are asked to read and consider these calls.

GENERAL (Generally Ordained, for Religious and Social Work)—Men

1 South Africa Mission
1 Sachikela, West Central Africa (Religious Education)
1 Marathi Mission, India
1 Micronesia Mission
1 Davao, Philippine Islands
1 Aleppo College, Syria
1 Adana, Turkey

GENERAL (Religious and Social Workers)—Women

1 Ingtai, China
1 Fenchow, North China
1 Madura, India (District Worker)

TEACHER—Man

1 Machemeje, Port. East Africa (Portuguese with Normal Diploma)

TEACHERS (College Degree or Equivalent)—Women

1 Amanzimtoti, South Africa (Domestic Science)
1 Inanda, South Africa (Academic Teacher)
1 Inanda, South Africa (Industrial Teacher)
1 Bailundo, West Central Africa
1 Chilesso, West Central Africa
1 Dondi, West Central Africa (For Missionaries' Children)
1 Sachikela, West Central Africa
1 Ahmednagar, India (English, Permanent or Term)
1 Madura, India
1 Doshisha, Japan (Permanent or Term)
1 Kobe College, Japan (English Literature)
1 Osaka, Japan (English)
1 Athens, Greece
1 Salonica, Greece
1 Adana, Turkey (Home Economics)
1 Merzifon, Turkey (Commercial Subjects)
1 Scutari, Turkey (Home Economics)
1 Scutari, Turkey (Mathematics)
1 Smyrna, Turkey (Home Economics and Science)

TEACHERS—Three-Year Term—Men

1 Istanbul (Constantinople), Turkey
1 Tarsus, Turkey

TEACHERS—Three-Year Term—Women

1 Ahmednagar, India
1 Kobe, Japan
1 Aleppo, Syria
1 Merzifon, Turkey (Physical Education and English)

PHYSICIANS and SURGEONS—Men

1 Machemeje, Portuguese East Africa
1 Bailundo, West Central Africa
1 Shaowu, China
1 Ahmednagar, India

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON—Woman

1 Ahmednagar, India

NURSES

1 Sachikela, West Central Africa
1 Shaowu, China
1 Fenchow, North China
1 Ahmednagar, India
1 Madura, India
1 Talas, Turkey

MISCELLANEOUS—Men

1 BUILDER, Dondi, West Central Africa
1 BUSINESS AGENT, Madura Mission, India
1 DENTIST (3 yrs.), Dondi, West Central Africa

MISCELLANEOUS—Women

1 OFFICE SECRETARY, Kobe, Japan
1 PUBLICATION WORK, Istanbul (Constantinople), Turkey
1 SECRETARY-BOOKKEEPER, Mt. Silinda, East Africa

For detailed information address the Candidate Secretaries:

ALDEN H. CLARK, D.D.
GRACE E. McCONNAUGHEY
14 Beacon Street, Boston

Here is a chance for "a great gesture of friendship and spontaneous outpouring of that grace whose genius is to share its gifts." The openings for service overseas for the American Board for the year 1931 are both challenging and varied. We would like especially to mention the calls for doctors and nurses, for work in Africa, China, India, Turkey, and the Philippines. Building operations are held up in Dondi, West Central Africa, awaiting a much-needed builder. A commercial teacher must be found for the Girls' School at Merzifoun. Miss Charlotte Willard, during the last months of her life, gave much time and thought and heart to this urgent need. The very morning that the telegram telling of her death came, a letter from her also came to my desk in regard to this teacher. Space will not allow mentioning all these openings one by one, but information in regard to any special place will be furnished gladly by the candidate secretaries.

THE SOCIETY OF THOSE WHO CARE

A Meditation for the World Day of Prayer, February 20

By ROBERT S. BARTLETT

WE grow silent in Thy presence, O infinite God. Our hearts beat as it were with a clamoring noise, as we reflect on the challenge of Thy will in the leadership of Jesus.

How can we escape the very heart and soul of this gospel that we profess? Can we continue to forget that impelling command: "Go ye, preach, saying the kingdom of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out demons: freely ye have received freely give. He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me: and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me. And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me is not worthy to be one of mine!"

A wall of confusion and cowardice has grown up between us and the throbbing center of our faith. We, the pledged disciples of the Christ, are doubting in our hearts if there is any sanity, any achievement in our effort to create a world of brotherhood. Like giddy children with their toys we are living our days in the pursuit of petty desires, with scarcely a glimmer of apperception of Thy vast purposes. We ask "Is there anything that we can do in this overpowering effort to make a healthy and friendly earth?" We have forgotten the foundation ideal for which the prophets of the earth have agonized.

What have we done with that first and primary passion of our faith? We are sons of the most High, bound by sacred vow with His redeeming son, Christ Jesus, to bring the Kingdom of Love into this world. Are we so childish in our faith that we fail to understand the first maxim? We are to love all men and serve all men. We are linked with Christ in a covenant that is inviolable, to care for our earth and its people, to serve and sacrifice for their welfare and salvation.

We are by our Christian profession members of the society of those who care.

O Father, drive home to our hearts the understanding that the gracious reign of Christ's ideals will come only through the brave effort of those who care. We may live as hermits, little minds, half-grown Christians, or we may be swept out into the current of Thy growing kingdom, where gigantic enterprises are in the making, where bold grapplings with old foes are in process, where conquering waters of life are carrying peace to the parched areas of the earth. **It is for us to think of the divine force of friendliness that is sweeping about the world.** It is our privilege to constantly send out in prayer and deed the magic leaven that is to transform the earth.

Some of us have never seen the far-flung sectors of the earth where our brothers dwell, but what can the barriers of sea and mountain do to prevent the infinite bond of brotherhood that makes us one family in Thy sight?

Help us, intelligent will of God, to comprehend the soul of our religion in this simple practice of caring for our brothers! We believe that to care is to love, and to love is to transform, and to transform is to bring heaven upon earth. We know when we come face to face with Thy purposes that some day we shall be brought before Thee, and perhaps then we shall hear Thee saying, "Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me. For I was hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me. Service to this divine throne is measured by the way ye cared while on the earth!"

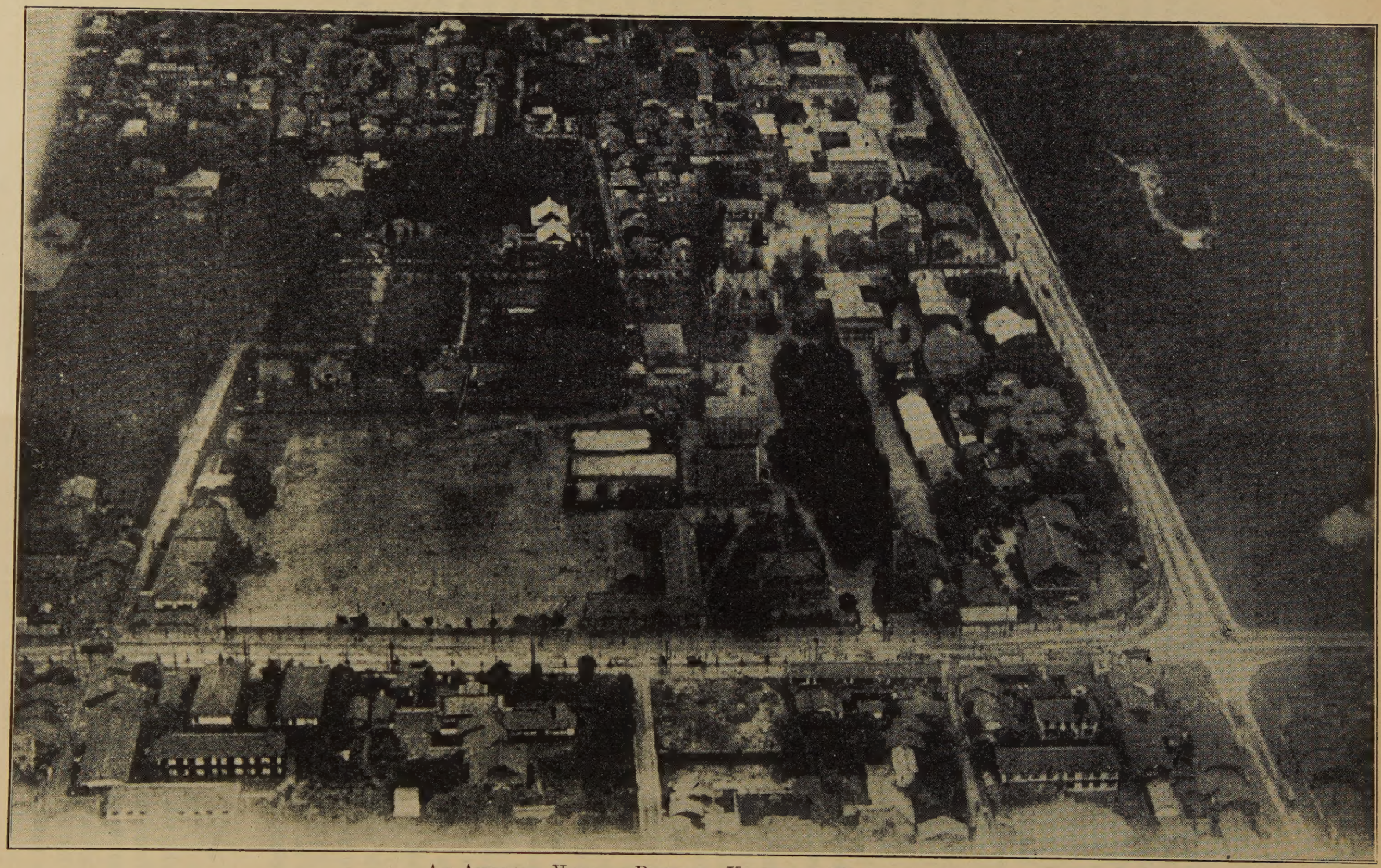
Bring us, we beseech Thee, divine Father, into the fellowship of those who care enough to suffer for mankind!

Amen.

If thy soul, with power uplifted,
Yearn for glorious deed,
Give thy strength to serve thy brother
In his need.

Share with him thy bread of blessing,
Sorrow's burden share;
When thy heart enfolds a brother,
God is there.

T. C. Williams.



AN AIRPLANE VIEW OF DOSHISHA UNIVERSITY, KYOTO, JAPAN

With the exception of the upper left hand corner, the great majority of the buildings seen in this picture are those of the institution that Joseph Neesima and his American missionary colleagues established over fifty years ago. At the right are the Imperial grounds.

THE DOSHISHA TODAY. WHY I BELIEVE IN IT

By SAMUEL COLCORD BARTLETT

THE subtitle suggests that there are those who do not believe in the Doshisha. There are. There have always been, from the day when Neesima and his American colleagues started it till now. Even in the first ten years, when every graduate was a Christian and the majority of the graduates went into evangelistic work, there were missionaries of our own Board in Japan who thought it too secular an institution to justify the expenditure of missionaries' time and missionary money.

During that same decade, before the present writer joined the Doshisha in 1887, "over-emphasis" on Christianity was being opposed from within by faculty and students.

Between these conflicting opinions, each justifying itself by pointing to the other's dangerous extreme, the Doshisha group of schools has had to live its fifty-five years. Neesima [we use the traditional spelling—Ed.] and each president since his day has had this for his problem, ever changing in form with change of Board and Mission personnel on the one hand and the Japanese public opinion and political situation on the other; but always the same and always the chief problem. The details of that story do not belong to "The Doshisha Today" and must be omitted.

Still, it is necessary to call attention to the perennial nature of the problem; proof that it *is* perennial is found in the fact that less than a month ago a member of the Board staff in Boston quoted to me the statement of another member of the staff who had recently been in Japan: "The Doshisha does not even pretend to be a Christian school."

I do not propose to defend the Doshisha against that charge. Anyone who knows the school, like Toyohiko Kagawa, Gumpei Yamamuro (Salvation Army head for Japan), and Evangeline Booth, will ask for no defense.

What I shall try to do is to show, not that it is Christian, but that **it is a splendid force for Christianity.** I will proceed to submit some narratives of Doshisha life which during the last eight years I have been privileged to observe from the inside, prefacing these with a very brief statement of how I happened to be there. [From 1912 to 1922 Dr. Bartlett was absent from Japan, occupying pastorates in this country. Ed.] This statement is essential to the understanding of the Doshisha of today.

THE PERENNIAL PROBLEM NINE YEARS AGO

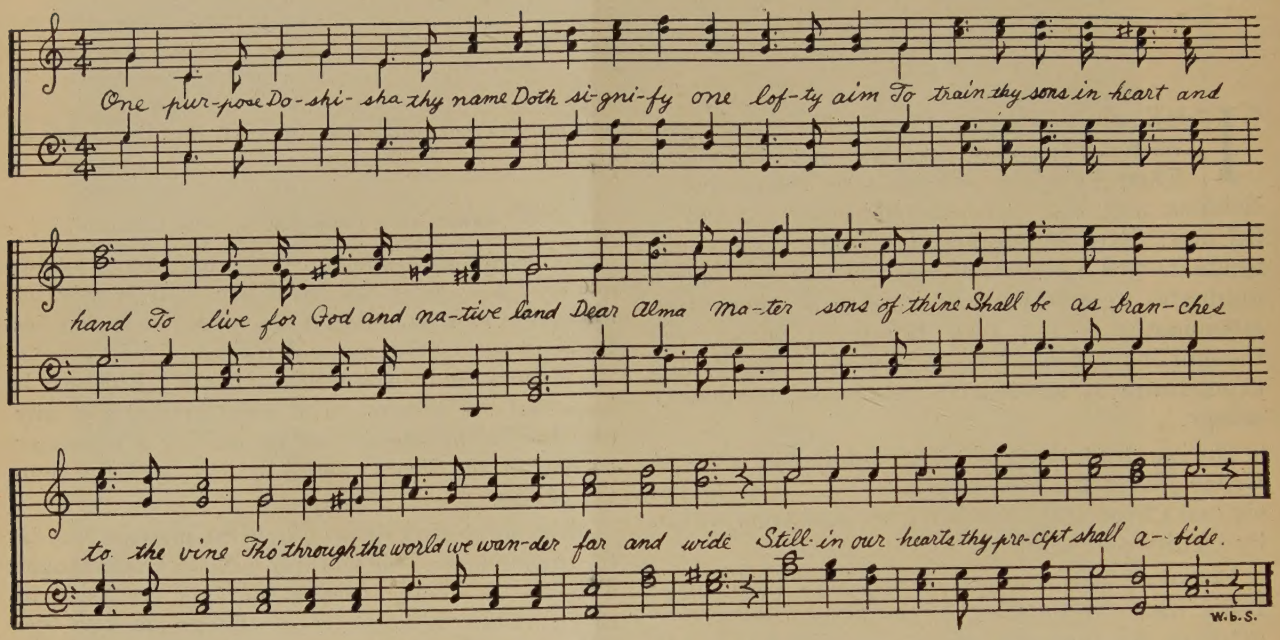
Following government recognition of the Doshisha as a university, its enrollment had greatly increased. This diminished the personal intimacies between the Christians and the non-Christians on the faculty and among the students. Further, it increased the proportion of non-Christians at any one time in the schools, besides making it necessary to recruit the faculty more or less from the non-Christians.

Most perplexing of all, the great increase was in the upper classes: the maturer minds were no longer almost entirely the product of long residence in the Christian atmosphere of the preparatory departments, suggesting to young boys and girls the probability that they also would be Christians in a year or so. On the contrary, the upper class students seemed to present to the younger ones examples of manly indifference to what had formerly been the school spirit in respect to Doshisha loyalty, patriotism and Christianity.

Something of this was brought to my knowledge (while in America) by an unknown Japanese who appeared from nowhere on a bicycle at my parsonage door one day. He urged upon me the duty of going back to Japan. He told me also that my admired friend, Danjo Ebina, had at last consented with rare courage and devotion to accept the presidency of the Doshisha with all its problems. (Dr. Ebina told me years afterwards that this was the man who, more than anything else, had influenced him to undertake the labor.) A few months later came the official letters from the Doshisha, etc., and a personal letter from Dr. Ebina, asking me to come and help.

We went. The situation was as described, and there were other problems. School loyalty, personal friendships among the students, the extreme patriotism for which the Japanese have been "notorious," were all very weak in the rising generation, and perhaps, in some respects, especially so in the Doshisha. The over-growth was accentuated, for on the very day of our arrival the undergraduate population passed the four thousand mark, aug-

Doshisha Hymn.


One pur-pose Do-shi-sha thy name Doth si-gni-fy one lof-ty aim To train thy sons in heart and
hand To live for God and na-tive land Dear Alma ma-ter sons of thine Shall be as bran-ches
to the vine Tho' through the world we wan-der far and wide Still in our hearts thy pre-cept shall a-bide.
W.b.S.

1. One purpose, Doshisa, thy name
Doth signify; one lofty aim:
To train thy sons in heart and hand
To live for God and Native Land.
Dear alma Mater, sons of thine
Shall be as branches to the vine;
Tho through the world we wander far and wide,
Still in our hearts they precepts shall abide!

2. We come to Doshisha to find
The broader culture of the mind;
We tarried here to learn anew
The value of a purpose true.
Dear Alma Mater, ours the part
To face the future staunch of heart
Since thou hast taught us with high aim to stand
For God, for Doshisha, and Native Land!

3. When war clouds bring their dark alarms,
Ten thousand pattiots rush to arms;
But we would through long years of peace
Our Country's name and fame increase.
Dear Alma Mater, sons of thine
Will hold their lives a trust divine.
Steadfast in purpose we will ever stand
For God, for Doshisha, and Native Land!

4. Still broader than our land of birth,
We've learned the oneness of our Earth;
Still higher than self—love we find
The love and service of mankind
Dear Alma Mater, sons of thine
Would strive to live the life divine,
That we may with increasing years have stood
For God, for Doshisha, and Brotherhood!

mented by a whole new department, the Higher Commercial College, which brought in hundreds whose interests could be expected to be wholly alien to Doshisha tradition.

ON THE OTHER HAND

On the other hand, the Doshisha church was carrying on with a membership of some three hundred, principally students; there was compulsory chapel for about seven hundred of the younger boys, also for nearly a thousand girls, and voluntary chapel attended by about fifty of the older students. These all daily. There were four or five small dormitories, in each of which a Christian student conducted evening prayers from three to five times a week; to these Christian teachers were invited occasionally. The three or four hundred Junior College boys were required to attend a weekly chapel exercise. There were extra-curricular Bible classes under the auspices of some of the professors which were rather irregularly and sparsely attended. In the University proper there was no religious exercise which was required, and to get its students to participate in any voluntary religious exercise seemed well-nigh impossible. This last was a disappointment to President Ebina, for the religious work in the Doshisha had been his main reason for coming to it.

On an average, twice a year, some one of Japan's noted evangelists was invited to spend a week, more or less, with the school, to arouse fresh religious interest among the pupils. These campaigns usually brought a score or two of converts into the church—and accentuated the opposition of the majority.

THE FALLACY OF NUMBERS

This last unfortunate effect was most evident in 1925. A famous preacher was invited. He was a good man, but various successes had turned his attention unduly to numbers. At the beginning of the campaign he announced that the size of his ingathering at the Doshisha thirty-six years before had never been equalled in Japan. The intimation was that now it would be surpassed. It was. On his last day 226 boys and girls were baptized. But only one of them was of university age. The maturer students, even those who had been turning toward Christianity, were repelled.

"Poor little fellows," said they, "stampeded into promising they don't know what!"

It turned out as they foretold: a great part of those baptized never developed any evidences of Christian life in spite of the attempts to hold them. They mostly lost interest at once, or at least soon after leaving school. The minority who did hold on were mostly those who had been more deliberately prepared before the campaign.

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

However, God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. Nobody expected very much of the Commercial Department. Perhaps it was for that very reason that its students were the only ones of their grade of whom any Bible study was *required*. One of the boys baptized who held to his faith was from that department. He was a very unusual student and at the same time very popular. He canvassed his class and found that, contrary to common opinion, a good many of the boys had come to join, not *a* commercial college, but *the* Doshisha Commercial College, with a more or less secret hope that here they would find Christian influence to renew lagging faith or to steady characters with which they had become dissatisfied. The conditions I have described above had somewhat disappointed them.

The young man came to his friend, the missionary chaplain of the university, for some scheme to help these lonely souls. The simplest scheme seemed the best: fifteen out of the eight hundred then enrolled in that department began to gather regularly with the chaplain for prayer and Bible inspiration. They imbibed much of their young leader's spirit, so that when Reverend Teichi Hori came from Hawaii to his Alma Mater the next year, "Not," he said, "to manufacture converts but to *give* them what I can of the Gospel blessing," this young man and his cohorts were on hand, to usher, to head in wanderers, and to pray. For the first time I learned now that only two of the fifteen had been professing Christians; the other thirteen, with a lot of their classmates *and teachers* (a most unheard-of thing!), became so now.

"The Commercial got the blessing this time!" became a byword of astonishment.

True, but not alone: for in spite of Mr. Hori's determination not to "catch converts," the whole number reached and baptized, including University students and teachers, reached over two hundred in two weeks. And this movement has not yet ended. Other schools and over 150 churches of several denominations have since shared in the services of Mr. Hori as a by-product of his services as pastor and chaplain in the Doshisha.

NEXT, THE LAW DEPARTMENT

It was not long before that almost impregnable Law Department began to feel things. Here again it began with one or two men. Their original interest was friendship between Japan and other countries, especially the United States. One was a wrestler, another a jujutsu expert; they were husky fellows. They came to offer themselves as a bodyguard in case we had experienced discourtesy or hindrance in our work in retaliation for the

exclusion act. They felt that Doshisha students ought to continue the friendship which Founder Neesima had worked so hard for. Happily, no one had made us feel the need of a bodyguard, but we were grateful. Gradually we made them see that we considered that the friendly interest of their Founder and of themselves was one, and that in his case it had a deeper foundation still, Jesus Christ.

The leader asked to have a few of his friends instructed in the religion that had inspired Neesima. The Saturday Club grew out of that, thus named because it met at 9 a.m. on Saturday, the only day into which we could crowd it. Twenty men came to it; they were all of them prominent on the campus. One only was known to be a church member.

The plan was to spend an hour in Bible study, and an hour or less in free conversation and singing. At the second or third meeting, when the closing hour of eleven approached, they asked after a whispered consultation if we would lend them our dining table. When a somewhat surprised assent was given they sent out for a caterer and served a dinner for twenty-three, and most of them stayed till six o'clock. Fortunately, it was a day on which we had no engagements which could not be cancelled, for they had accumulated so much to talk over that they felt they could not go home.

Right here let me say that a great deal of the discouragement and sense of "no opportunity" which come to us is due to unwillingness to "waste time." The most significant confidences do not begin to order when the clock strikes, and may be altogether frustrated by an unnecessary glance at a watch.

This particular group excused themselves on the ground that they had got so near to graduation before availing themselves of the Doshisha's spiritual opportunities that they must have more time to get rooted in spiritual ideas and argue out personal applications.

At the dinner one of the boys assumed the position of host, and astonished us by calling for a blessing. The astonishment was doubled when he called, not on the missionary, but on a classmate whom we did not know as a Christian. They had ferreted out the fact that he had once belonged to a church, and held him responsible for a faith which he had of late neglected. This proved a turning point in his life. He accepted the challenge and became—at first for their sakes—a delightful example of Christian earnestness. It was he who just before graduation came to the house at ten at night, because he must "introduce this boy from my boarding house whom I have just got acquainted with, and cannot leave without some supporting friend." The fellow was from a rival school, and it is not the custom to pick up acquaintances in a boarding house anyway.

DOSHISHA DOES COUNT FOR CHRIST

Does the Doshisha count outside its doors? That group of young men is now scattered all over Japan, Korea, China, and Manchuria, in business and in the army. But several have stayed nearby, and come in from time to time to report with glee a letter from some one of the number who has just had a chance to stick up for "Doshisha principles."

Before that twenty left they brought us twenty more who were to stay in the school longer, warning them that they must get rooted in the Christian experience earlier than had they themselves, so as not to graduate half ready as they themselves were doing. The new twenty swelled their numbers to twice, thrice, nearly four times twenty. The majority of these younger fellows have become out-and-out Christians, without losing their prominence on the campus. One has recently been elected president of the whole student body.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STRIKE, AND HOW SERIOUS TROUBLE WAS AVERTED

The Commercial College became a most enthusiastic branch of the Doshisha, to which it had been indifferent at first. But just as this point was reached the twelve hundred were thrown into consternation by notice that the department was to be "exiled" from the campus they had learned to love to a new campus miles away from the chapel, the library, and the students' hall which their own subscriptions had helped to build. When this extraordinary strike, the significance of which was misunderstood even by those on the ground, shook the university and threatened calamity to the whole school, it was said by a professor with the assent of several colleagues, that "the Barnabas Club saved the school." This club was founded by the fifteen boys whose story I have told; serious trouble was averted by its efforts. One popular fellow labored all night, going from ringleader to ringleader in the trouble brewing, with good counsel and persuasion.

One of the law graduates, the leader, in fact, of the first twenty—yes, and of the bodyguard proposition—built a dormitory by the new campus for the men who wanted to perfect themselves in the international language, English, and to encourage each other in international friendship. In this dormitory department lines were broken down. Law students and Commercial students were there together. They were the finer boys of both departments, but not openly Christians.

Two of the popular Commercial boys, however, felt that an avowedly Christian nucleus was needed,

(Concluded on page 96)

WHEN I SAW MR. NEESIMA

By MRS. L. F. KUHN

WE were having a bean supper in our church and a missionary from Japan was to speak, and that is how this story began. The speaker was Miss Alice Gwinn whose name is familiar to Congregational missionary women today; and in her talk she referred to the Doshisha, a great Christian university in Kyoto, in which she had taught. She spoke of Mr. Neesima and of the great gratitude the Japanese owe to him for his efforts to raise funds to build this school.

Next to me at the table was sitting a little elderly woman, dressed in lavender and black, with soft grey hair and the fine thin features that characterize pure New England blood. When Miss Gwinn referred to Mr. Neesima's appeal to the American Board for money for the school, this lady murmured in an aside, "How well I remember it, I was there when it happened." And that is how I came to hear this real true account which I am retelling to you.

"My name is Lucy Miller," she began, "and when I was a little girl I lived in Vermont. I had five brothers, Elisha, who is a minister, Hiram, Elliot, Justice, and Charles. Mother died when I was a little girl, and father just the year before this happened, and I was living with Aunt Sarah in Wallingford, Vermont.

"I heard a great deal about missions in Aunt Sarah's home. She had a cousin, Cyrus Hamlin, who had been sent out by the American Board to Constantinople, and was first president of Robert College there. In the long winter evenings after the lamps were lit—they were kerosene lamps without shades in those days—I would read the Missionary Herald out loud to Auntie while she knit the warm woolen stockings we all wore in the cold Vermont winters.

"But I was going to tell you about the meeting. I was seventeen years old at the time. For weeks all the good Congregationalists had been talking about it for it was really a great event in our quiet lives. Usually the Board met in some large city, like Boston, and to go on such a long journey was seldom thought of save for business. But this year, 1874, the meeting was to be in Rutland, only nine miles from where we lived; and Auntie, Cousin Ellen, and I were going.

"Today, when you take an automobile in the morning, go one hundred miles and are back for supper (excuse me, dinner) I do not think I can make you feel at all the thrill that it gave us to plan this trip to Rutland to attend the annual meeting of the A.B.C.F.M. Every well brought up child of Congregational parents knew what those five letters stood for. Often our good pastor would take time in the Sunday morning service to drill the children of the congregation on the meaning of the initial letters of our various societies. A.M.A. was the easiest and A.B.C.F.M. was the hardest of them all. And I was really going to a meeting of that most important society with a record that at all times has been the pride and glory of the Congregational Church.

"I can even recall the dress that I wore. Father had been dead a year and I had just taken off mourning and was wearing what they called half mourning, and I was girl enough to be happy with a new dress that was not black. This dress was a grey silk and was made with a basque as was the fashion then. It buttoned down the front with twenty-seven buttons; the button holes were beautifully made and I remember I thought the buttons were lovely. They were pearl with silver edges. The skirt had a wide ruffle around the bottom. It was a box-pleat ruffle with a deep heading made by turning each pleat back and catching it down with one of the same buttons. I thought the effect around the bottom of the skirt very stylish. For a wrap I wore a black and white plaid shawl, for that was considered proper in those days for half mourning.

"The trip from Wallingford to Rutland I always enjoyed. Wallingford lies at the head of a little valley which widens out as the train draws near Rutland. Part of the way the road runs along Otter Creek, and out of the windows on either side one could see the hills of Vermont in all their autumn glory. If you have never seen hard maples after the frost has touched them no words of mine can paint them for you; it is as though every tree was on fire.

"Rutland is just a typical New England town. The only thing I can remember that gives it individuality is the marble sidewalks. Yes I mean real marble; for the quarries are at West Rutland and many of the sidewalks are made from marble and oh! they are slippery in the winter.

"We went down to several day sessions of the Board, for Auntie considered it a very outstanding meeting. We had many discussions as to which sessions we had better attend for my cousin Ellen was not at all well. Aunt Sarah would say, "Well I

should think you might go to these two," and Ellen would reply, "You think so and I think so but I just haven't the strength." On the last day we went down in the morning and planned to stay even through the evening meeting, at which Mr. Neesima was to speak. That meant that we would not get home until very late—quite eleven o'clock; which showed how important Auntie considered the occasion.

"In some paper, I know not what it might have been, I had read an account of Mr. Neesima and a few great facts of his life had stayed in my mind as a background for the meeting. How he ran away from home on a dark night to sail for America. How in Boston the owner of the ship became interested in his story and educated him first at Amherst College and then at a Theological Seminary. How above all else he had a daydream of founding a Christian College in Japan. One other fact (it is strange how certain things make an impression on a child's mind) that he learned to pray to God as his heavenly Father from reading Robinson Crusoe.

"I wish I could tell you more about the meeting. The good-sized auditorium was filled; people went to church, I think, more in those days than now. There were one or two special people that Auntie pointed out to me: Mr. and Mrs. Hardy who had helped Mr. Neesima through college and the Governor of Vermont, though I have forgotten his name.

"I do not recall that Mr. Neesima looked differently from other Japanese, though there was a peculiar phrasing to some of his sentences that made them sound odd to me; however, I cannot quote him. For fifteen years he said he had dreamed of founding this college. He had expressed his intense desire to Mr. Clark, secretary of the American Board, but received no encouraging words. He added, 'I kept it within my heart and prayed over it.' I can still feel the tenseness of the audience, the wave of feeling that went over it as he spoke, he was so terribly earnest, shedding tears at times, his voice breaking, as he pleaded for money to make Japanese young people Christian. And he ended by saying that he would stand on that platform until he got the money to build a Christian College. And then some gentleman back of him on the platform rose and said he would give a thousand dollars, and another gave five hundred and nearly five thousand dollars was raised that night and many of the people cried. And that is the end, or no, I had better say the *beginning;* for the story of the Doshisha and all that it has done for Japan no one person can ever tell."

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE JAPAN MISSION

A Historic Prayer Meeting and What Came Out of It

By OTIS CARY

THE MISSIONARY HERALD of March, 1828, in acknowledging for the American Board "Donations from January 21st to February 20th" contains the item:

Brookline, Ms. First Coll. at mon. con. 18; 2d do. 12 87; for miss. to Japan, 27 87.

Being interpreted, this abbreviated statement shows that in two monthly concerts of prayer in behalf of foreign missions, held in Brookline, a suburb of Boston, collections were taken for a mission to Japan. A strange thing to do at a time when the gates of Japan were firmly closed, not only against Christianity, but also against persons from foreign lands!

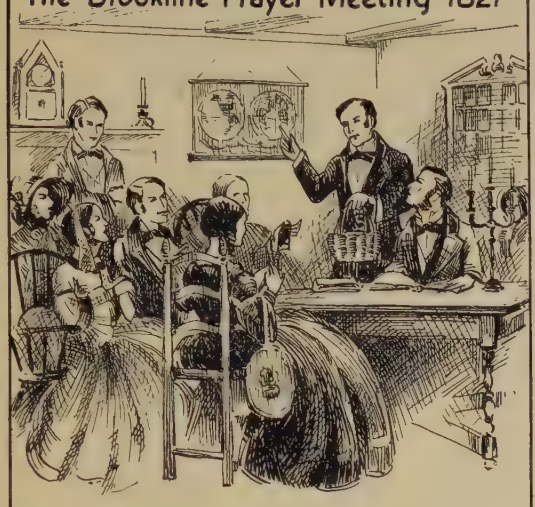
The circumstances under which the first collection was taken have often been described; but it may be well to recall them with the addition of some particulars that have never been given in the Missionary Herald. Some of these are taken in a condensed form from an illustrated article by Rev. A. A. Bennett, a Baptist missionary in Japan, which was published in *The Japan Evangelist* of January and February, 1906.

In 1827 Brookline was without a Trinitarian Congregational church, but some persons of that faith were accustomed to hold more or less regular meetings in private houses. One of these persons was William Ropes, Esq., a Boston merchant, who had recently removed from that city to Brookline. In Boston he had been accustomed on the first Monday of each month to attend at Park Street Church the monthly concert of prayer for the conversion of the world. It was probably the first Monday of December, 1827, that a similar meeting was held in his new home.

The house may still be seen by walking up about

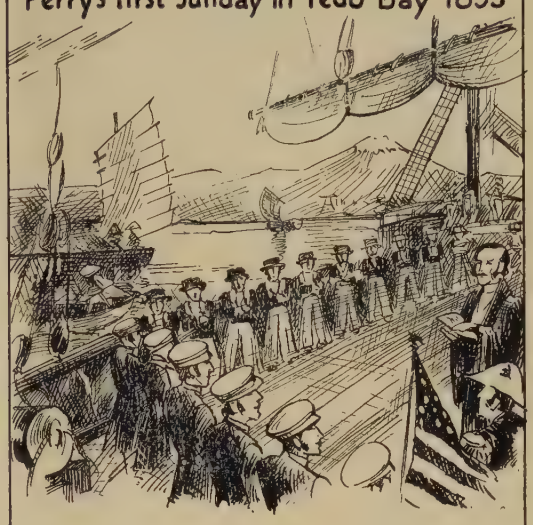
VENTURES OF FAITH IN JAPAN

The Brookline Prayer Meeting 1827



When Japan is closed to foreigners a small group of Christians urge the American Board to open work in Japan. As a venture of faith they take a collection for the purpose.

Perry's first Sunday in Yedo Bay 1853



The American Expedition under Perry sing: "Before Jehovah's awful throne, ye nations bow with sacred joy," but this is when the cult of Jesus is still prohibited by the death penalty.

Joseph Neesima at Rutland 1874

In 1869 the Board sends its first missionaries to Japan and five years later a young American-trained Japanese raises $5,000 at a Board meeting for Christian education in a mighty empire.

The Kumamoto Band Covenant 1876

These Japanese students pledge themselves in blood to "enlighten the darkness of the empire by preaching the Gospel." They become Doshisha's first class—and the back bone of the Kumiai Church.

a quarter of a mile from "Brookline Village" to No. 182 Walnut Street. Standing back from the road is a large stone building, which is said to have been the one hundredth house built in Brookline. A photograph, here reproduced, shows at the left of the spectator the windows of the room toward the rear of the ground floor, which may be called **the birthplace of the Japan Mission;** for it was there that the meeting was held. Though the room has been somewhat changed, it was originally about twenty-four feet long and twenty feet wide. A later resident of the house said that she had often heard her mother say that "when she first saw the large parlor it was filled with settees, for the First Orthodox Congregational Meeting was started there." The house is of later historical interest, as it became a station for the Underground Railroad for runaway slaves from the South. The celebrated William and Ellen Crafts were concealed for days in a back chamber while the United States marshal was hunting for them in Boston.

We know the names of some that attended the missionary meeting, and guess at others. Besides Mr. Ropes and members of his family, Mr. Orrian Eastman, who had formerly been an agent of the American Board in New Hampshire, and probably David Crosby Greene, afterwards a secretary of the Board and father of our first missionary to Japan, were present; as was Miss Mary Reed, afterwards the wife of Mr. Eastman. Other ladies known to have attended the meeting were Miss Sarah B. Witherington (afterwards Mrs. Jabez Fisher of Westboro, Massachusetts) and two sisters, Jane and Mary Herring, who had lately come from the South and were then living in or near Boston. There is reason for thinking, too, that another person present was a boy of twelve, Alpheus Hardy, afterwards the patron of Joseph Hardy Neesima.

It is not known that any mention was made of Japan at that meeting until Miss Reed, then visiting her uncle, Mr. Ropes, was asked to take up a collection. For this purpose she took from a table a basket. After the gifts had been received she placed this basket in her uncle's hands, whereupon he called the attention of the company to its beautiful workmanship, saying that it had come from Japan, a country apparently closed to all attempts to introduce Christianity.

"Nevertheless," he said in substance, **"we firmly believe that these barriers to the extension of the gospel of Christ are to be removed in God's own way, and I propose that in token of this belief our offering be made the beginning of a fund for sending the first missionaries of the American Board to Japan and that similar contributions to be made at our missionary concerts be added to the fund and kept at interest until the fund and its accumulations become available for that object."**

Mr. Ropes left Brookline in 1829 and the house passed into other hands: but contributions for Japan continued to come from Brookline, their source in later years being attributed to the ladies' sewing circle. In all, more than six hundred dollars had been given for the fund so that with accrued interest it amounted to $4,104.23 when in 1869 the Board sent out its first missionaries to that country.

POLICIES IN JAPAN

By EULA BATES LEE

IN a very true sense, the American Board's Japan Mission had its beginning forty years before the first missionaries entered that land. In 1828 a little band of Christian men and women in Brookline, Massachusetts, who met to pray for the conversion of the world, contributed $27.87 toward "a mission in Japan." It was not until thirty years thereafter that Japan opened her first ports to contact with the outside world, and not until 1869 that the Board felt it possible to begin its Mission. The gifts from the Brookline meetings, with interest, had by that time amounted to $4,104. The first missionaries, Rev. and Mrs. Daniel Crosby Greene, landed in Tokyo and from there proceeded to Kobe.

The early years were difficult. The law against Christianity remained in force, the Buddhist priests were antagonistic, and the people were intimidated and commanded to have nothing to do with the foreigners. But a new stir of life was in the air. There was almost a mania among the Japanese for Western ideas and manners, and the missionaries gradually won their way through medical service, through English classes, and through courteous contacts with the people in their ordinary life.

In 1873 we find the infant Mission shaping and adopting policies. It declared that it would use its "influence to secure as far as possible identity of name and organization in the native churches—the name being as Catholic as the Church of Christ, and the organization being that wherein the government of each church shall be by the ministry and eldership of the same with the concurrence of the breth-

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL MEETING, SO TO SPEAK, OF THE KUMIAI CHURCH

These friends and fellow workers of ours are photographed on the lawn of Kobe College. Note the three veteran ministers sitting in front of the table at the right, Drs. Ebina, Kozaki, and Miyagawa—three elder statesmen in deed and in truth.

ren''; and second, that ''whereas in the work of foreign missions the native element must constitute its chief means of prosecution, we deem it of the utmost importance to educate a native ministry as soon as possible.''

JAPANESE TAKE THE LEAD

The first church was organized in Kobe in 1874 and a month later a church in Osaka. The same year the Mission reaffirmed its desire to promote church union and the spirit of independence. It was in 1874 also that Joseph Neesima returned to his native country with a heart on fire to found a Christian college for his people. He conferred with the missionaries, the training of men for the Christian ministry was included in the program of the proposed college, and in 1875 a beginning was made with Mr. Neesima and Dr. Davis as teachers, and eight young men from centers where churches had been established, as the student body.

From the beginning, the Christians manifested a remarkable zeal for evangelism, and everywhere we find men and women going out at their own charges to preach.

By 1880 the translation of the New Testament into Japanese was completed, and in 1882 a Japanese Publishing Society was organized.

Very soon, too, Japanese Christians were teaching and preaching in prisons and theaters and the beginnings of a social settlement were made in a slum district of Okayama.

In response to the urgent demand for western education, schools for girls were developed in Kobe, Osaka, Kyoto, and other centers, as also a training school for kindergartners and one for women church workers, and in Matsuyama a night school.

YEARS OF TESTING

This period of rapid development was followed by a reactionary period characterized by a wave of extreme nationalism and influenced by the theological controversies then disturbing the American churches and the Board. Relations between the missionaries and the Japanese Christians became somewhat strained and questions arose as to where authority lay for the distribution and use of Mission funds. In 1905, greatly to the satisfaction of all, the Kumiai Missionary Society assumed entire responsibility for providing its own funds, and administering its work.

Difficulties had arisen in the Doshisha also, and in 1896 the American Board felt obliged to withdraw its aid in men and money. The Kumiai churches protested the attitude of the institution, and after two years the school reaffirmed its Christian character and regained the loyal support of its alumni and the Kumiai churches and the cooperation of the Mission and the Board.

Along with the more tangible developments, the spirit of Christianity was to a remarkable degree permeating the life and thought of the people and influencing the educational system, the national government and even Buddhism and its hierarchy.

At the time the Jubilee of Protestant Missions in Japan was celebrated in 1909, a Japanese paper declared that no other European or American body had made so competent a study of Japanese affairs as had the missionaries, or could approximate so intimate an acquaintance with Japanese character. A leading missionary declared that though three-fifths of the population of the Empire had not yet heard the Gospel Message for the first time, Christianity was ''rooted.'' It had become indigenous.

FIRM FELLOWSHIP

In 1926 the Prudential Committee of the American Board, under pressure of inadequate financing of its work, questioned whether the time had not come for the Board to inaugurate a process of gradual withdrawal from Japan. Such action was vigorously protested by the Kumiai churches and the Mission, who unitedly urged that the task of evangelization was but well begun, and was far beyond the resources of the Japanese churches; also that as Japan held a strategic position in the Orient, a continuing medium of friendly contacts between Japan and America was urgently needed. It was clearly recognized that the Kumiai churches rather than the Mission must be the agency of evangelization for the unreached millions, and that the Mission should be a coöperating rather than controlling agency in this great task. The new relationship was defined as that of mother and daughter, a relationship putting the missionary into the position of interpreter of one international group to the other. The work of the missionary was to be ''more and more in the field of personal evangelism and to assist in the training of workers, the inauguration of movements, the generation of enthusiasm and the expression of good will.''

Since 1922, missionaries engaged in the field of evangelism have done their work under the direction of the Kumiai church. In 1927 it was voted that no single phase of the work of the church should be labeled as ''evangelistic'' but that ''every teacher, missionary and social worker is an evangelist commissioned to make Jesus Christ known in His beauty and power.'' In that same year six institutions formerly under the Mission control (the training school for kindergartners and that for women church workers, the social settlements in

Osaka and Okayama, the kindergartens, and the summer camps organization) were put under the control of a joint body representing Kumiai churches and Mission, and known as the Central Committee. Doshisha and Kobe College have separate boards of trustees.

The year 1930 marked further progress in extending Christian fellowship. The Congregational and Christian churches in America, the Japan Mission of the American Board and the Japan Mission of the Christian churches, as also the Kumiai churches and the Christian churches in Japan—these united and thus a larger and even better work in both lands is assured.

WAKUYAMA SAN AND HER GOLD CUP

By ANNIE LYON HOWE

IF Wakuyama San had known that Daniel Webster had called men to heed Christ's words about little children it might have been a comfort to her, when forty years ago she was weighing in the balance the question of becoming a Christian kindergartner in Japan. It took courage and faith in those days to face the ridicule and opposition or indifference of Christian leaders to become the guide of little children.

"When little children," said the great Daniel, "were brought into the presence of the Son of God, his disciples proposed to send them away, but He said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me.' Unto ME; he did not send them first for lessons in morals to the school of the Pharisees, nor to the unbelieving Sadducees, nor to read the precepts and lessons phylacteried on the garments of the Jewish priesthood; He said nothing of different creeds nor clashing doctrines; but He opened at once to the youthful mind the everlasting fountain of living waters, the only source of eternal truth; 'Suffer little children to come UNTO ME.' And that injunction is of everlasting obligation.

"It addresses itself today, with the same earnestness and the same authority which attended its first utterance, to the Christian world.

"It extends to the ends of the earth, it will reach to the end of time, always and everywhere sounding in the ears of men, with an emphasis which no repetition can weaken, and with an authority which nothing can supersede:

" 'Suffer little children to come unto Me.' "

If the Christian leaders in Japan had known that Webster said all that, their attitude might have been different, but probably they did not know, and so forty years ago it took a prophet's vision to do what Wakuyama San did do—break with her past, and become a Christian guide of the little children of her land. But today, they rise up and call her blessed, today the government does her honor.

WAKUYAMA SAN'S JUBILANT LETTER

"Today is my wonderful day! I have just received a gold cup from Mr. Takahashi, Governor of Hyogo Ken (state). I went to the Kencho (state) house this morning at 10.30; the ceremony began at 11 o'clock. The Governor presented medals to many, recognizing special merit. There were many departments represented, but only two educational people—some man and myself.

"After the ceremony we were given a banquet. When I came home all our teachers and students had a feast of celebration for me. I had a very, very nice celebration.

"This I must say to thank you for your kind teaching. You taught me all about kindergarten and you helped me so many times when I was not well. The first time I had influenza you took care

of me, and the second time and the third time you let me sleep for months on your upper veranda. It made me cured of all my sickness. All my sickness you helped me—everything, so I could stay and work in the kindergarten till now. Therefore I got gold cup today.

"I am going to say thank you very much, you helped me to get this gold cup. I wish I could show it to you. But today I must be telling you about my congratulation.

Yours Sincerely,

Kiso Wakuyama."

HER OWN CONTRIBUTION TO THIS HONOR

She beautifully gives all the credit for her joyful day to her teacher. Before she slept that night, she said all this, even when the strain of the day had been overwhelming. But she omitted her own part in the transaction. She forgot to say that she is a high-born lady. Her father a Samurai of the Samurais. Her mother still higher up. She forgot to say that from them she inherited her love for all that is beautiful in nature, art, and literature, of austere living, of high thinking. She forgot to say that she owed to those three beautiful saints, Miss Eliza Talcott, Miss Julia Dudley, and Miss Barrows, her introduction to Christian living.

Oh yes, she forgot a lot of things. She forgot to mention that loving sympathy of hers. "She is so loving" someone said of her. "She is so loving" said every student who ever attended the training school, said every child who entered the kindergarten, and time does not blur that thought of her, but across the years these young women, these boys and girls now grown, come back to clasp her hand, come back to tell her of success or defeat, to ask her advice, her prayer. Oh yes, she is so loving, but not the cruel loving kind, she gives, she takes no excuse for wrongdoing, she never has been a Rebekah to condone present gratification at the expense of good character. She forgot to mention her forty years of utmost loyalty to Glory Kindergarten and Training School.

And when that teacher with whom she had followed for thirty-eight years Christ's command, "Let the little children come unto me," was forced to loosen those desperately clinging hands, how bravely and with what loyalty, but with blinding tears, Wakuyama San took up the work of reconstruction, and bravely "sailed on."

WHAT HAS WAKUYAMA SAN DONE?

God certainly called her to lead into a "more abundant life" those little children of Japan, those young women of the Glory Training School.

We cannot say that Wakuyama San initiated all that work, but we *must* say that once the vision of this "abundant life" took possession of her, she became one of God's own artists, as she led those children, those young women, into a truly abundant life, in which the spiritual had first place. What a comfort it will be to her if she happens to read what Steinmetz, the celebrated electrical engineer, said before he died a few years ago—

"I think the greatest discovery will be along spiritual lines; here is a force which history clearly teaches has been the greatest power in the development of men and history. Some day people will learn that material things do not bring happiness and are of little use in making men and women creative and powerful; then the scientists of the world will turn their laboratories over to the study of God and prayer and the spiritual forces which as yet have been hardly guessed at. When that day comes, the world will see more advancement in one generation than it has seen in the past four."

How she would appreciate Mrs. Morrow, that brilliant woman of letters and her creed—

"A child needs God, what a pity, what an unforgivable pity to deprive him of that master light of all our seeing.

"My children shall have during childhood the exquisite security the Godless child cannot know, they shall have the glory and the beauty that is the birthright of the human, demarking him from the brute."

How real she made prayer to those children—during the terror of that awful earthquake of 1923, one little boy cried as he and his parents were buried in the falling house—

"Oh God save us, save us"—his mother with tears told this to Wakuyama San, "and God did save us, we were rescued," said this non-Christian mother.

And how real she made everything else, God's world, its wonder and its beauty, the achievements of man, international give and take, patriotism, civics, philanthropy, science, art (she isn't much on music, someone else has to do that), but why go on—it would almost pay to cross the Pacific Ocean to look through the ponderous volumes where records of it all have been kept.

All this in addition to the usual work of the kindergarten.

Did all this make precocious prigs of the children? Impractical, pious ladies of the Training School students?—well it didn't. The children as they went into the primary schools, went to the top of their classes, because of their good physique, intelligence, initiative, their bearing, because they were good models for other children.

Of the graduates from the Training School, such things as this have been said, "Aren't you ever going to make a tour of inspection; you will be

thankful if you do, to see what the graduates from Glory Kindergarten Training School can do."

It is difficult to separate Wakuyama San's work from that of those other splendid women who have worked with her—Miyake San, Kodama San, Ogita San, Masuda San, Sunada San, Matsudaira San, and Horii San—and one cannot write that list without speaking of that faithful, wonderful art teacher of Glory Kindergarten and Training School, Okamura San. But as they did not get a golden cup, we must take it for granted that in some way Wakuyama San was preeminent—well, she was. Yes, evidently the authorities of Hyogo Ken came to realize that spiritual development, that an "abundant life" even for little children is what Japan needs, and so —THE GOLDEN CUP!

WANTED—AN AMERICAN FAMILY

A Challenge from the Church in the Marshall Islands

By WYNN C. FAIRFIELD

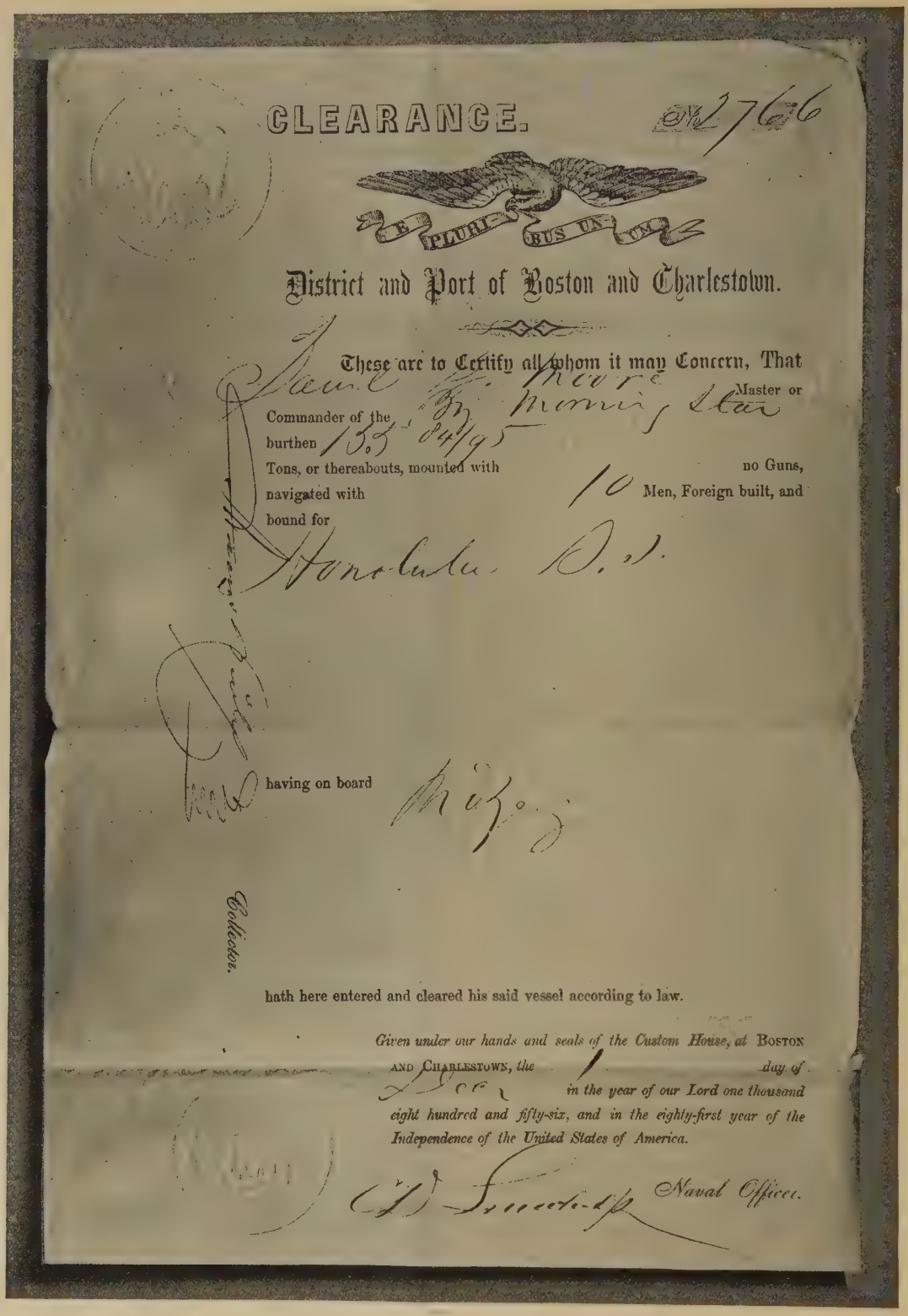
THE Micronesian Church in the Marshall Islands seems to have reached self-consciousness at a bound. For almost eighty years the American Board has carried on work among these Islands with the result that a large share of the population has become Christian in name, though here as everywhere the victorious Christian life comes only as the result of constant vigilance. Churches and schools have been developed on the scattered coral islands of the group, and there has been some measure of self-support, mostly in kind and up to the present largely limited to the church workers. Administratively, responsibility has rested very largely with the few missionaries. Many of us, if we have known and thought of the work in this out-of-the-way corner of the earth at all, have thought of it as more or less static, unprogressive, lacking in initiative and self-reliance. Even its continued existence as a mission of the Board has been challenged.

Suddenly we are made conscious that here as well as on the continent of Asia, self-respect and the desire for freedom from domination in church life by an imperial power are forces to be reckoned with. The receipts of the American Board had been falling off. We had been casting about for possible sources of help. Since the War, these Islands have been under Japanese mandate. Was it possible that the relatively strong Kumiai (Congregational) churches of Japan could take over the work in these islands, financing and staffing it as the American churches could not? The proposal was made to the Kumiai churches and reported to the Marshall Islands. One sequel was that the Kumiai churches

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

These are the newly elected members of the Board of Directors of the Marshall Island Evangelistic Kumiai Church. Seated in the center is Claude Heine, the son of Rev. Carl Heine whose name is familiar with those who have followed these many years the progress of the work in the Islands. We do not happen to know the full names of the others. The one seated is called by his friends "Caleb," if we are not mistaken. The two standing are "Lorenij" and "Samson." We extend to each our hand of fellowship across the seas.

CLEARANCE CERTIFICATE OF FIRST "MORNING STAR"



CLEARANCE. No 1766

E PLURI BUS UNUM

District and Port of Boston and Charlestown.

These are to Certify all whom it may Concern, That [illegible] Master or Commander of the [illegible] Morning Star burthen 153 94/95 Tons, or thereabouts, mounted with no Guns, navigated with 10 Men, Foreign built, and bound for Honolulu S. I.

having on board [illegible]

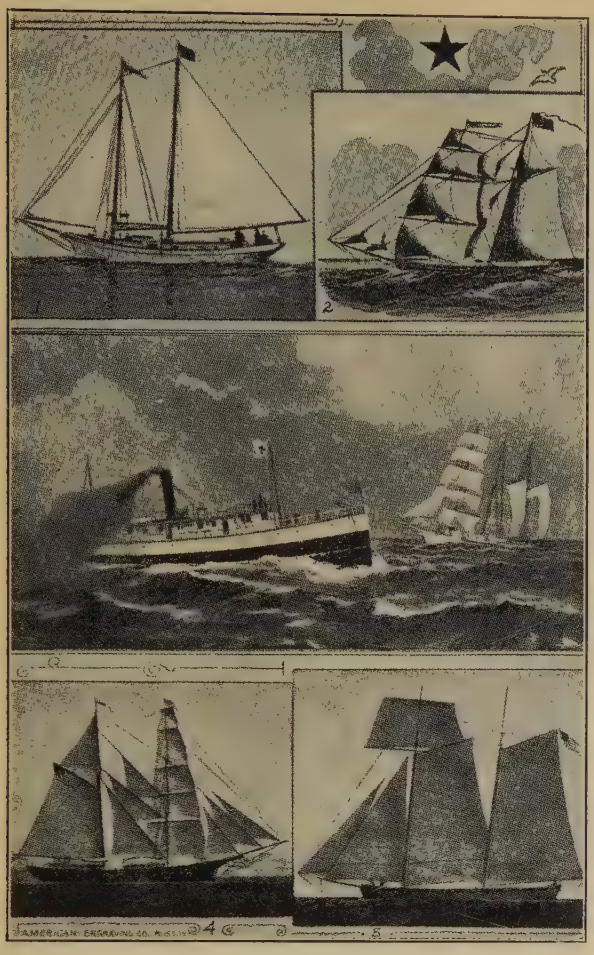
Collector.

hath here entered and cleared his said vessel according to law.

Given under our hands and seals of the Custom House, at BOSTON AND CHARLESTOWN, *the* 1 *day of* Dec *in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six, and in the eighty-first year of the Independence of the United States of America.*

[illegible] Naval Officer.

Between 1856 and 1908 the Board used five vessels in its Micronesian work. Each was named "Morning Star." For the most part the Sunday schools of America supplied the funds for these "Children's Ships." The farewell service for the first "Morning Star" was held in Park Street Church, Boston, on the evening of November 30, 1856. The "Peacemaker" sailed two days later. Those were great days—but these are even more momentous.



FORMER AMERICAN BOARD SHIPS

1. Hiram Bingham II; 2. Morning Star I; 3. Morning Stars V and IV; 4. Morning Star II; 5. Missionary packet which carried first missionaries to Sandwich Islands.

replied that with so much of Japan still unevangelized and with their resources inadequate to their immediate responsibilities, they felt unable to take over a burden that the American churches could not carry adequately! What right had we to expect that they could?

The more surprising sequel came in the Marshall Islands. For centuries the Islands had been independent. Then had come seizure in 1885 by Germany, in the mad rush for dividing up all the earth. Now, with the war had come a Japanese mandate. Politically they were helpless, but they wanted Japanese control of their life limited to government and education and not brought into their church life as well. What could be done about it? The American churches had been led to take this step by their shortage of funds. All right! Here were $2500 spent by the American Board annually on the schools in the Islands. That would be almost enough to meet the average costs of an American missionary family. If the American Board would send out another missionary family and agree to keep on or replace the other American missionaries already there for a period of ten years, the churches agreed to assume full support of their own schools and release the $2500 for the support of the new family. To assume these new responsibilities, they elected four men whose pictures are shown here to share with the missionaries the administration of the work.

Here is the challenge! The American Board has authorized anew the finding of a man and his wife to go out to meet this challenge. It had already been seeking them for more than a year and had not yet found these ready to go. It is a hard field, at least three weeks away from Japan by the monthly steamer, with problems of food, health, proper housing, difficult and dangerous travel among the Islands, limited companionship, isolation from the main streams of the world's life. Those who answer its call must be ready to make sacrifices beyond those asked in almost any other field of mission work today. Yet it is a call to work *with* rather than *for* one of the greatly under-privileged peoples of the world in the effort to "permeate with the spirit of Jesus Christ" even the uttermost parts of the earth. Where is the new Isaiah to repeat:

"And I heard the voice of the Lord saying, Whom shall I send and who will go for us? Then I said, Here am I; send me."

A BOATFUL OF MISS HOPPIN'S GIRL FRIENDS

JAPANESE MISSIONARIES TO THE MARSHALL ISLANDS

NOT long ago the Board was able to grant $2,000 to the Micronesia Mission, provided a Japanese Christian could be found to go to the Marshalls as a three-year term instructor in the mission schools at Jaluit. We now learn that a Mr. and Mrs. Hajime Hirata have offered themselves for this position, and presumably they will be at work in Micronesia when this is printed.

The Hiratas come very highly recommended by the Kumiai leaders of Japan. He is a graduate of Doshisha. His knowledge of music, too, his American education (Bangor), his good command of English, make him highly desirable for the position in Mejuro. We can well be enthusiastic over Mrs. Hirata also. She is the daughter of one of the leading Kumiai pastors in Japan. Her mother is the sister of another one of the strong ministers of the church.

We believe that they go to the Marshalls with a real missionary spirit and that they will stand by the work fully as well as any American missionaries could do.

MISS HOPPIN'S "LITTLE HUT AMONG THE BUSHES"

This stands in Jebwar and is the center of the Christian teaching and life among the Islands, as Miss Hoppin is the queen of them all.

SOME OF MISS HOPPIN'S BELOVED "CHILDREN"

APPRECIATION OF JUSTIN ABBOTT

By MANILAL E. PAREKH

Called forth by the reading of Dr. Abbott's "Stotramala."

AS I read the preface of this book and the contents thereof, the impression which gathers on my mind is that the author is a worthy successor of the great saints and teachers of that part of India called Maharastra, which the author lived in for a large part of his life and made his own. Dr. Justin E. Abbott thus sums up more or less in the style of the truly religious Hindu his own mission and life work:

"I have many questions to ask myself. What have I done during these seventy-five years? What part have I had in making this a better and a happier world? What opportunities have I lost? What errors have disqualified me from a larger share in the world's betterment? *As India has been the scene of the greater part of my life's activities, have I contributed to making India more truly known, loved and honored by the rest of the world? Have* the needs and the sufferings of so many appealed as they should to my own heart?"

It is in the words italicised above by me that we find the true secret of Dr. Abbott's life, and it is a wonderful secret. By following such a course as he lays out for himself in this remarkable statement, in the writing of his several books, of which the present one forms an important contribution, Dr. Abbott has rendered a great service as a Christian missionary, not only to India, but to the rest of the world. He has set an example which every missionary of any religion going to other lands than his own should follow, which is to find out the best that is already there and to build on it whatever more one has to give. Such a line of action is the only one that is right and proper, and Jesus Himself would have followed no other. It is a real pity, however, that men like Dr. Abbott are exceptions and not the rule, and the consequences of such a state of things have been disastrous to mission work, especially Christian mission work.

Dr. Abbott's great sympathy has given him an understanding and insight into the heart of India and the spirit of Hinduism which, to say the least, is remarkable. This makes his conclusions in regard to various aspects of the Hindu religion of inestimable value, and they are such as should be taken to heart by anyone who would approach the study of Hinduism. What he says about the so-called Hindu Polytheism is altogether correct, and these remarks of his in regard to the true character of Hinduism are well worth quoting:

"Thus, rightly considered, Hindu Theology is as monotheistic as Christianity and Islamism. But Hindu imagination has seized the opportunity in the Puranic and other writings, of describing these separate manifestations, and we have, therefore, the stories of the gods, following anthropomorphic conceptions, in which all these gods are Hindus in belief, in customs, in philosophic and moral ideas, and their actions correspond. No Hindu god is an entirely separate independent being, as Western thought would suppose him to be. In every case, every Hindu god is believed to be a manifestation of some sort of God Supreme.

"The West must beg pardon of India for its misconception of Hindu religious thought, and for its ignorance of Hindu Monotheism as well as Hindu Polytheism. Whatever judgment the West may pass on the Polytheism of Hinduism, it should be the Polytheism as understood in India, and not Polytheism as understood in the West. It is a Polytheism based on the strictest Monotheism."

There are others (and their number is legion) who think that Hindu thought is pantheistic. This also is not true and Dr. Abbott rightly says that "the so-called Pantheism of Hinduism has also suffered much from misconception in the West." Out of several schools of thought, there is only one, viz., that of Shankar, which is pantheistic, and even that is not pantheistic in the same sense in which that term is understood in the West. Barring a few intellectuals, the majority of people in India (and amongst these there have been some of the greatest philosophers of the country) have believed in Theism and have given abundantly of their heart's worship and adoration to the Supreme Being. In every province of India, scores of saints and writers have testified to this fact all through the centuries.

Of these provinces, Maharastra is only one, and we have there a growth of religious literature during the course of the last seven or eight centuries in which this *Bhakti* (worship and adoration) pre-

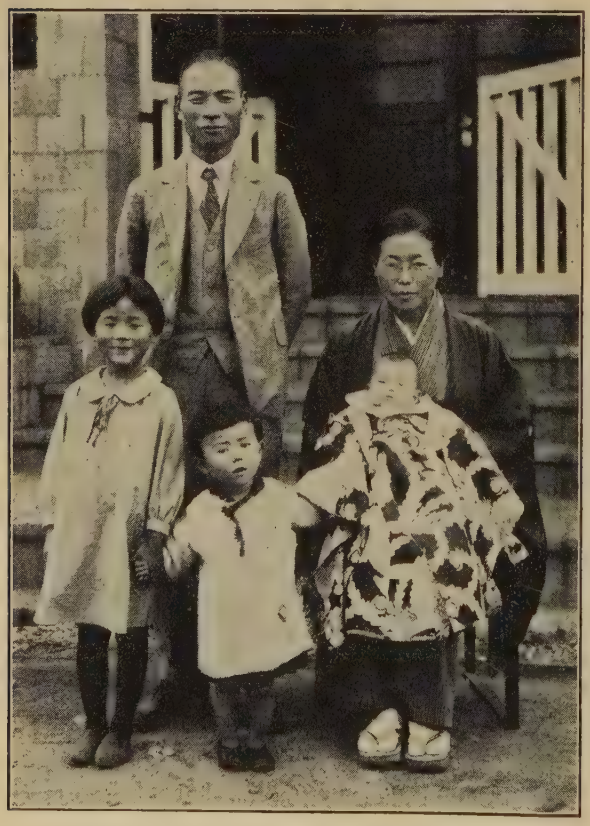
(Continued on page 96)

The Christian Church *and* Foreign Missions
WILSON P. MINTON, D.D., *Editor*

OKUZAWA DEDICATES ITS NEW BUILDING

HAD he not as a lad peddled fish one day at the back door of the Woodworth home in Tokyo, we might never have known Rev. Genichiro Sano, pastor of the Okuzawa Christian Church. And thereon hangs a tale of absorbing interest which is closely linked with the progress of the Christian Church in Japan, the union of the Congregational and Christian work and particularly with the dedication of the new church building at Okuzawa, a Tokyo suburb, on October 19, 1930. We can give you here only the bare outline of the story but we hope you will "read the pictures" so full of meaning to help fill in between these lines.

At the age of eleven Genichiro was apprenticed to a Chinese dry goods dealer in Tokyo. For several years he was virtually a slave until he managed to get away and return to his home only to find his parents in abject poverty. With true filial devotion he began to help them by peddling fish. And that's how he came to the Woodworth's back door where the kindly gaze and friendly word of that veteran missionary brought him back again and again and finally led to his conversion and call to the ministry.



Pastor and Mrs. Genichiro Sano and Family of Okuzawa Christian Church

After he became a Christian, Mr. Sano completed the two years of military training required by the government, then entered the Christian Church theological school we were conducting in Tokyo. Later he came to America and graduated with high honors from Union Christian College, Merom, Indiana. So great was his desire to be well trained that he took a four-year course in the New York Biblical Seminary and post-graduate work at New York University, part of which time he served as secretary of the Japanese Department of the New York City Y.M.C.A.

At the call of the Christian Church Mission and Church in Japan he returned to give his life in Christian service to his people. He entered the active pastorate, later married a thoroughly trained Bible woman of the Congregational Church and together they have been living such practical Christian lives as to become genuine leaders of their people.

When Mr. and Mrs. Sano came to the Okuzawa congregation several years ago it was struggling under great handicaps. It is the youngest of our Christian churches in Japan and with inadequate building and limited resources the outlook was anything but hopeful. But these servants of the Lord set themselves to the task. They became living examples of genuine Christian sacrifice and by their own self-denial taught their members to follow their example. A new church was imperative and to this goal they set themselves. Our Woman's Mission Board turned over to them an unconditional legacy of $5,000 from which the site for the new church was purchased, leaving a substantial sum to start the building fund. One of the missionaries, whose name we are not free to mention, helped most generously and still there was an almost impossible sum which

the membership must raise. But they did it, and the result is this splendid working plant in a growing section of Tokyo.

The building has a splendid auditorium, a section built particularly for Christian education purposes including kindergarten work for the promising group of little tots who were already coming, and a conveniently arranged parsonage for Pastor and Mrs. Sano and their three little girls. Rev. A. D. Woodworth, D.D., who was instrumental in leading Pastor Sano to Christ and in guiding him through his preparation for the ministry, preached the dedicatory sermon in October. With this splendid new equipment the young Okuzawa congregation is moving steadily forward in an enlarging Christian service.

THE COMBINATION CHRISTIAN CHURCH AT OKUZAWA, JAPAN

It combines church, parsonage, and kindergarten building.

AT THE DEDICATION OF THE NEW BUILDING

A group of church members and friends attending the dedication of the building at Okuzawa, Tokyo, October 19, 1930. The group is shown in front of the entrance to the parsonage wing.

ARTHUR PERRY OF BOSTON

ONE of the Board's best friends passed away on November 16 at his home in Marlborough Street, Boston. Mr. Arthur Perry served on the Prudential Committee from 1908 to 1918, and from 1919 to 1923. He was chairman of the Committee from 1915 to 1917 inclusive, and from 1919 to 1921. He was also chairman of the Sub-Committee on Finance during his last four years of service; and throughout his thirteen years of connection with the Board was a member of the Committee on Japan.

Perhaps no member of the Prudential Committee had more to do with the financial administration of the Board during the great trying war period than Mr. Perry. His position of influence in Boston's business circles, as well as his own personal experience in investments and in the administration of funds made him a wise, trusted leader within Board circles. His broadmindedness, sympathy and responsiveness, fine Christian courtesy and dignity, and devotion as a Friend to the cause of international amity and peace—these qualities won not only the confidence but also the love of his fellows in foreign missionary service, and will long be active as spiritual forces within the hearts and lives of those who survive him in the work of the Board.

THE NEW SECRETARY IN THE HOME DEPARTMENT

REV. HUGH VERNON WHITE, who for seven and a half years has been pastor of the First Congregational Church of Stockton, California, will on or about the first of March begin his official duties as a secretary in the Home Department of the American Board. His task will be to help interpret the facts and the spirit of modern missions to the churches and the public, missionary education in the deepest sense.

MR. WHITE

"I consider this one of the biggest and most important opportunities in a world crisis for developing better understanding and for interpreting Christianity at home and abroad," he says.

"Missions is not primarily to be thought of in terms of budgets, of programs, of forms of activity, not even in terms of the devoted men and women who are doing the work; but in terms of the personal faith and service of the rank and file of Christian people.

"There is one emphasis that I consider most urgently needed today. We have rung the changes on the appreciation of other religions. We have disclaimed the old division of religions into Christianity and the false religions. All that is good, but unless there is a profound and intelligent conviction on the part of the Church that Christianity not only is the best, the highest religion, but that it has something to offer to the world that the world desperately needs; unless in modern and convincing terms the Church avows its faith "That there is no other name under heaven whereby we must be saved" but the name of Christ; unless the Church has this faith and conviction missionary work is not going to prosper, and it ought not to prosper."

Mr. White was born in Kern County, California; received his B.A. degree from the University of California in 1917, his Bachelor of Sacred Theology degree from the Pacific School of Religion, and earned his Master's Degree from Harvard Divinity School while carrying a pastorate in the Smith Memorial Church, of Hillsboro, New Hampshire.

From 1919 to 1923 he served as a pastor of the Kahului Union Church and the First Christian Church of Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, and at the same time taught in the Hamakuapoki High School.

For the past five years, in addition to his pastoral duties, Mr. White has been teaching in the Department of Philosophy of the College of the Pacific, and has spent three summer quarters at Stanford University, lecturing and completing residence work for his Ph.D., the thesis for which he hopes to write this summer. At the College of the Pacific he has been a regular speaker in the chapel and a personal adviser to students, with whom he is said to be "particularly successful because of his alertness to the mind of youth today."

Generally recognized in Stockton and throughout Northern California as an outstanding scholar and churchman, Mr. White has been keenly interested in all community affairs, having been, among other things, a director of the Stockton Community Chest, vice-president of the Stockton Council for the Prevention of War, and president of the Ministerial Association. He is a member of the Board of Trustees of the North California Congregational Conference of which he was moderator for two years.

CAROLINE REDFIELD ADAM

MRS. WILLIAM L. ADAM of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, died Saturday, December 6, at the age of seventy-four. Her funeral was held Monday afternoon, December 8, Rev. John Gratton, her pastor, officiating. The burial was in the Pittsfield Cemetery.

It would take many pages to print the tributes that have come to our desk. They prove the strength of her character, the power of her personality, her devotion to all forms of Christian work, particularly through her home and through the First Church of Pittsfield, her breadth of interest and her practical ability to express this in many helpful ways. Such tributes as these are legion: "Her's was not a parochial mind." "In all world movements for the betterment of mankind she had a part." "Religion divorced from missionary activity was for her an anomaly. To possess the knowledge of Christ and not to share it was an impossibility." "Mrs. Adam was the most selfless woman that I ever knew. It was something more than unselfishness: it was a complete forgetfulness or disregard of self."

"The biggest thing she ever gave was herself," says her pastor. "Her sterling character, her self-sacrificing spirit—how little she spent on herself! Her resoluteness of purpose—how set in her aims she could be! Her generosity of appreciation—how she could encourage one! The flame of her enthusiasm—how it shames us who are less ardent! The quality of her judgment—how she could grasp the essentials of a subject! There was a winsomeness of person which was both physical and spiritual, and through it all, as the shining of a clear light glorifying all her other virtues, her faith in God and her love of Christ."

For twenty-five years Mrs. Adam served as Corresponding Secretary of the Berkshire Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions and each year presented a masterly report. She served as a Director of the Woman's Board for sixteen years, as one of its Vice-Presidents for nine years, and as Chairman of its Buildings Committee for twelve years. After the merger of the American Board and the Woman's Boards she served on the Sub-Committee on Mission Buildings of the American Board. Through her personal friendship with the secretaries and missionaries, her intimate knowledge of world affairs, her large faith and her sound judgment, as well as through her activities and devotion to missions within her own church circle, she made a memorable contribution to the work of the Kingdom overseas.

Mrs. Adam gave a great deal of thought and time and energy to the Golden Anniversary Gift campaign of the W.B.M. some years ago. Recently she did much toward helping along the Angola Jubilee Fund.

She was one of the strongest advocates of the merging of the American Board and the Woman's Boards, but though she approved of this merger, she felt that certain great values were irreparably lost when the Branch organizations of the W.B.M. were given up. Yet no one could have shown, since the merger, greater loyalty and energy in behalf of the united budget. To her persistent and far-reaching influence more than to any other cause is due the fact that the First Church in Pittsfield has become noted throughout the denomination for the success, year in and year out, of its Every Member Canvass, as a result of which it has today a larger number of contributors to its church program than its total membership roll.

Mrs. Adam's life-long interest in missions was due to the early influence of her father who always had a strong bent toward missions himself and was in the habit of talking the subject over with his children. One day in Farmington, Connecticut, when Mrs. Adam was a girl of ten, her father pointed out Dr. Porter's house and told her of the first meeting of the American Board which was held there. Then and there the seed was sown, and it fell upon good ground. Later there was a meeting of the American Board in Pittsfield. This had its influence, as did missionaries and Japanese students who came to her home in her formative days. After she became identified with the administration of the Woman's Board of Missions and of the American Board, her interest deepened and her passion for enlarging the Kingdom was intensified until near the close of her life she smilingly reported that her one occupation was Missions.

In her last Berkshire Branch report Mrs. Adam raised a question that could well be asked of all members of the Church of Christ: "Can anything in this wide world be more exhilarating than to send or carry to a hopeless world the assurance of forgiveness, comfort, and life eternal through God's love for it in Jesus Christ our Lord?"

HOME BASE

CAROLYN D. SMILEY, Editor

AND NOW LET US HEAR FROM THE MEN!

Adventuring in missions has called forth three splendid articles in *Congregational Iowa,* December, 1930:

1. How Women Can Help Educationally
2. How Women Can Help Financially
3. How Women Can Help Spiritually

We would like to have such contributions from both *men* and *women* and will print one or two of the best in this section of the HERALD.

MAKING JAPAN REAL TO THE YOUNG PEOPLE OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

The young people of Northern California are going to know Japan in a real way because their project, Miss Doris Smith, is over there. They knew Miss Smith at Asilomar and she was commissioned there. They are glad and ready to stand by her as their representative in Japan.

DORIS SMITH

BREAKING DOWN BARRIERS

The Congregationalists, Armenians, Japanese, Germans, and Americans, about Fresno, California, are having some very friendly relations. Exchange of teas and luncheons for the women, and ministers' meetings for the men, are helping to break down false barriers and to realize "Christ is all."

THE "GUEST BOOK" INCREASES IN POPULARITY

New York writes of the increasing interest in the *Guest Book.* Last year 13,000 copies were used in the churches. This year New York has exceeded its hoped for goal by 1,000. One hundred and forty churches have used almost 16,000 copies. Good for New York!

YOUR MONEY SAVED!

According to the *Appleton Calendar,* Wisconsin, "These *Guest Book* friends have been as good as a whole season of a Travel Club. They have taken us on a trip around the world, seeing "America first," without a cent of railroad, steamship or hotel fare.

A NEW TYPE TO STUDY

One Sunday-school class in California after studying great men of the Bible was asked what they should study next. "Let's study a missionary!" So they are beginning on one in Japan.

TRAVELERS, TAKE NOTE!

Mrs. Kofoid, of Berkeley, California, who with her husband recently spent several months in Japan, is speaking on her experiences in that beautiful country. She visited several of the missionaries so can tell personally of them and their work. She also attended the Japan Mission Meeting at Arima. Dr. Kofoid did great things in a scientific way for the missionaries, especially the sick ones.

THEY CAME TO SEE A DURBAR

A Durbar in India, as you probably know, is a public levee of Indian princes. In the old First Church of Lynn, Massachusetts, it was a Durbar of "Projects." The people came in spite of the heavy rain. Each one received a colored card thus dividing the gathering into five groups. A gong sounded. The white cards went to China where they saw a school conducted in real Chinese style. The blue cards visited Japan where they met Japanese school boys and were shown Japanese curios. The orange cards found themselves in India where they saw Madura vividly pictured. The green cards paid a call on the Finns in Minnesota and the red cards took a journey to the southland to call on the Allen Normal School. Every time the gong sounded the groups passed on to another country.

When the long journey was over, the travelers returned to the chapel. The entire cast in bright costumes marched on to the stage. Soon only the light from a great cross shone out and about it stood the nations.

With a prayer and the singing of "O Zion Haste" the Durbar ended. This Durbar stands supreme in awakening keen interest in that church. It was indeed "the levee of a prince—and His name was the Prince of Peace."

MAKING THE BENEVOLENCE BUDGET LIVE

Does the average church member know the story of each item in the Benevolence Budget? This is the way the First Congregational Church of Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, presented its budget to the church members on Every Member Canvass Sunday. Each member received an attractive four-page leaflet.

On page 1 of this leaflet appeared:

A personal letter signed by the Finance Committee and the Missionary Committee.

On page 2 of this leaflet appeared:

Budget for Benevolences, 1931.

The share for the Congregational Apportionment for Missions $6100.00.

Divided and distributed as follows:

American Board, International work 42½ per cent $2,592.50

Home Boards, National work 43½ per cent $2,653.50

Massachusetts Congregational Conference and Missionary Society 13 per cent $793.00

Boston Seaman's Friend Society 1 per cent $61.00

Projects under the American Board

(Total, $2,592.50)

China—North China Mission. Peiping (formerly Peking). Part support of Mr. Chang Heng Chin, first Chinese general secretary of the North China Mission $540.00

Tientsin—Stanley Memorial School. An elementary school of 203 pupils with which Miss Constance Buell, a member of this church, is associated $242.00

India—Madura Mission, South India. Part support of Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Hess, teachers of English literature in "the finest piece of higher educational work conducted by the American Board" .. $300.00

Turkey—Near East Mission. Full support of our own church member, Miss Ethel W. Putney in her great work as principal of the Gedik Pasha School for girls at Istanbul (formerly Constantinople $1280.00

Scutari—For the work at the American Academy of Miss Katherine O. Fletcher, associated with our church by family ties and friendships $100.00

Adana—The American Hospital and Clinics. A thirty bed hospital treating in 1929, 515 in-patients and 10,216 out-patients. Local fees provide $12,466 of its total income of $15,408. The American Board grants $750. Our share is $130.00

Projects under the National Boards, Described.

State Work and Boston Seaman's Friend Society, Described.

Other Benevolences, Listed.

Total Benevolences Budget $7,300.00

FROM JERUSALEM TO MISSOURI

Missouri has made a fascinating, illuminating and complete story of her missionary activities. She begins her story well by saying, "That the history of the church may be written as a series of missionary projects." . . . The church at Antioch chose Barnabas and Paul as projects and sent them forth to Cyprus and other points. Down through the ages one great missionary followed another—St. Patrick in Ireland, Augustine in England, Boniface in Germany, Vladimir in Russia. So runs the missionary story of a thousand years. The tale goes on, full of romance and adventure—great personalities carried the gospel message from Europe to India, Java, Ceylon and Africa. Coming to modern times we find the formation of various mission societies and finally the Haystack group which led to the organization of the American Board in 1810. A leader of this group, Samuel J. Mills, on a mission tour out west, reached St. Louis, Missouri, in 1814.

Missouri's own mission story then follows, one to be proud of: the founding of schools and colleges, the organization of societies, the formation of the State Conference, the Christian and Congregational merger and the projects encircling the earth.

A complete history *from Jerusalem* to Missouri *and return.*

WORLD FRIENDSHIP STAMP ALBUM

A Project for Junior and Intermediate Girls and Boys

The Board is issuing a special stamp album which will enable parents, church school and club leaders to develop missionary interest through the stamp hobby. Fliers are ready for distribution, on application to Miss Mildred C. Widber, 14 Beacon Street, Boston.

In a special department in the Missionary Herald, suggestive material will be furnished on this project. Your attention is called to the advertisement on page 92.

LETTERS FROM OVERSEAS

MARYCAROL AND TWO OF THE ORPHANS

MARYCAROL JONES OF WAI

"At the end of last year, through the generous gifts of friends, we were able to build the long-hoped-for and greatly needed addition of five rooms to our Abbott Home. Our number varies from eighty-five to ninety. This addition has made it possible to spread out and to give the women with small children a place of their own. It is a joy to have a room for our babies and to keep them apart from our older children.

"Every year we have Abbott Home girls marrying and leaving to begin homes of their own. But often they wish to return, in times of illness and when a change of climate is needed, for the Home is the only home they have ever known. Now that we have more room we can welcome them home, 'to eat the Wai air,' as the Marathi phrase puts it.

"Besides building this addition, we were able to make badly needed repairs on the boys' hostel, add a storeroom, and build a wide veranda across the front of the hostel. The latter serves as a sleeping porch, a public hall for meetings of all kinds, and as a stage for plays, which the boys so dearly love to put on. The boys dedicated it by staging a most original and fanciful play.

"In the name of our women and children we do again want to express our deep gratitude to our generous friends for the comfort and convenience which these new buildings provide."

REV. HARRY S. MARTIN OF JEFFERSON ACADEMY, TUNGHSIEN, CHINA

"I really believe that the only way to help China is through the kind of work in which we are engaged. Education of the right sort is what is needed—education through preaching, teaching, healing, living. As we are organizing for rural improvement in various lines I feel that we are on the right track. I have never felt more strongly that we have a cause worth living and dying for than since coming back from furlough. After all, it is the spirit of Christianity as it manifests itself in all sorts of practical ways, and only that, that can help China or any other country.

"My chief interest since returning from furlough has been the development of our vocational department. Here is where I feel we have a very special contribution to make to the people of China. Our aims have centered around three kinds of work: preparing country preachers and church leaders; rural education; agriculture.

"Last year we had a class of twelve in the department of religion, eight of them from the Fenchow Bible School. Four of the twelve were graduated and the Fenchow men finished the work for which they came. These men had rural education and courses in agriculture as well as the regular religious courses, so we feel they have a good equipment for country work.

"In the line of agriculture Mr. Hunter and Mr. Chang have regular classes in the academy. But their chief interest is in crop and animal improvement. Mr. Chang is working with four kinds of grain. We are linked up with Nanking in this experimental work and have the coöperation of Cornell University of New York. Professors Love and Wiggans of Cornell have been here this last year and have spoken very highly of Mr. Chang's work.

"Mr. Hunter's experimental work is chiefly in the line of poultry. He is trying to improve the stock and is having some good results. Last year Professor Elmer Roberts of the University of Illinois was here carrying on experiments, and he and Mr. Hunter worked together.

"We hold short course classes for farmers for two months in the wintertime. They are so eager to get all they can that teaching them is exhilarating. During the spring we conduct village classes around the country. Then we have our summer school for rural teachers and preachers during the month of July. This summer there were 115 in attendance. The campus is busy the year round."

TWO AIRPLANE VIEWS OF MATSUYAMA, JAPAN

Note Matsuyama Girls' School at foot of Castle Hill near tip of airplane.

From the top of Castle Hill a beautiful panorama is possible.

OBSERVATIONS

By

WILLIAM E. STRONG

WHAT ABOUT FOREIGN MISSIONARIES MAKING CONVERTS?

THE question is now being raised as to whether foreign missionaries should try to make converts to Christianity.

Put so baldly, the inquiry is startling. But it is understandable. The effort is likely to produce opposition and prejudice on the part of those who have been brought up in other faiths. The zeal of the evangelist may easily become dogmatic, intolerant. Moreover, it may develop an attitude of separateness and superiority, raising barriers which the gospel can hardly overcome. Tempers of brotherly kindness, appreciation and earnest desire to cooperate may be lost. There are dangers in this business of seeking to win converts that require much wisdom and grace.

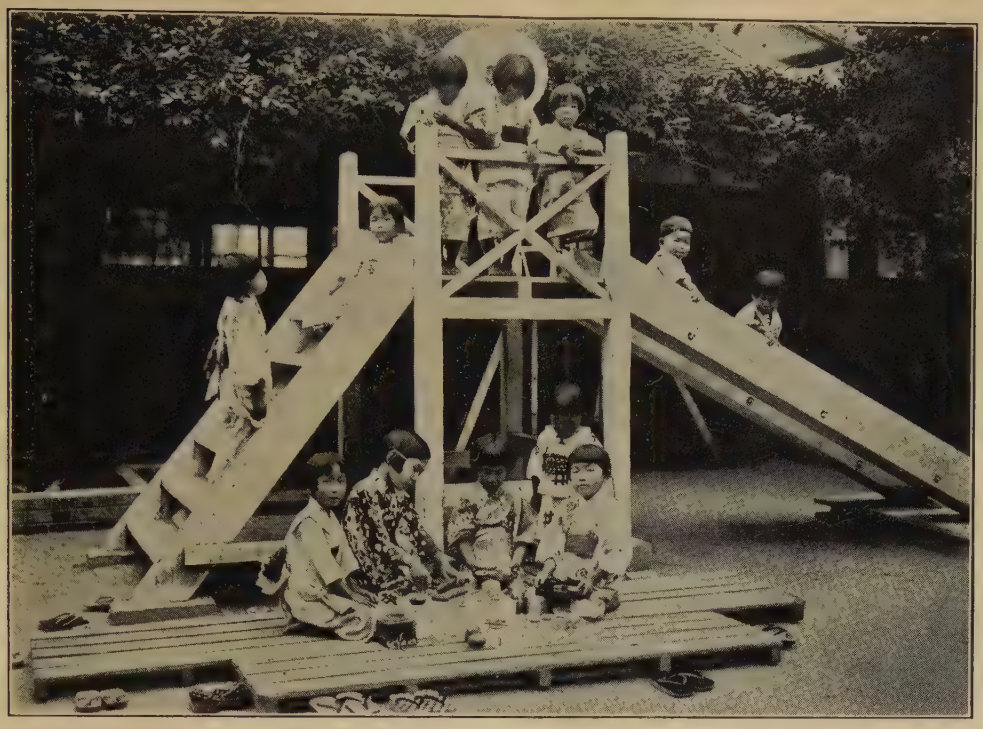
Yet the question as stated is little more than academic in face of the urge of Christian faith to share its treasure. It is not simply obedience to a recorded last command of the Master that impels the missionary to preach the "good news" or to "make disciples of all nations." It inheres in the very nature of the gospel, which proclaims "Our Heavenly Father" as the God and Father of all mankind, revealed in Jesus Christ. The sincere missionary cannot hold it back or treat it as a matter of tactics. Freely he has received an unspeakable gift. He must strive to bring others to its possession, joy and power. The missionary of today has an expanding view of the scope and content of the abundant life which he seeks to open to men; an expanding view also of the universal elements in religion and the values that belong to other faiths. He need not be arrogant; he is not sent as the champion of a religious monopoly.

As regards the charge that, in pressing the Christian way on the minds and hearts of men of other lands, the missionary is out of accord with the attitude of this scientific age and its culture, we ask, "Is it so?"

Was the China Medical Board out of accord with the spirit of the times in setting up a medical school of highest western standards in Peking and drawing Chinese patients thereto? Or is it out of character for Dr. Butterfield to visit India not only to investigate conditions there, but, in the hope of helping to uplift the life and to relieve the burdens of poverty and distress in that land?

A Veteran Missionary in Paradise

Miss Cornelia F. Judson of the Matsuyama Night School is standing here in the midst of her beloved associates.



MATSUYAMA KINDERGARTEN BABIES AT PLAY

MISS CORNELIA JUDSON ON KINDERGARTENS IN MATSUYAMA, JAPAN

"I am sending a photograph just taken of our Kindergarten babies having a party. The three who are busily preparing for the party are teachers' children who have gone on to the primary school. The little girl whose face is so shadowed is one of this spring's graduates. The tiny tot standing by and looking down on them is our very spiritual, live-wire Dean Futagami's little girl, not old enough, but so good and bright and sunshiny that we are glad to have her in the Kindergarten; and just over her head stands her older sister, too timid to come to the Kindergarten until her courage was bolstered up by the tiny one, whose very way of marching along, with her smile, proclaims her sunshiny independence. The little girl on the top step, sister of the biggest girl, beneath her, is a darling, and looked like a little angel on Sunday in her fresh white dress. Opposite her, at the top of the slide, is another teacher's baby girl.

"Our teachers who have little children prize the Kindergarten very highly and want to live near it. They realize how two years of this training and the Sunday school teaching help to guard and keep them later in the non-religious government schools where they will often hear bad words, and so forth, from children from heathen homes.

"The Christian Kindergarten is a very important institution in Japan, where the mothers have so little idea of training and governing their children. Many little ones come to us showing that they have never yet known the way of obedience. Here they first learn (most come from non-Christian homes) that there is a Father-God watching them, loving them, wanting them to be kind, truthful, obedient, unselfish, and the results of the training are shown in the large number (86) of our children who have become monitors of their classes in primary and higher schools. Our Night School Sunday school with an attendance of about 150 is largely composed of children who have been in the Kindergarten; others attend the Church Sunday schools. All Christian workers in Japan are very strongly emphatic about the value of teaching the little children."

THE MATSUYAMA NIGHT SCHOOL

THE BOOKSHELF

TURKEY FACES WEST*

This book very plainly bears the marks of the personality of its gifted author. Halide Edib Hanum is the best known, almost the only known, Turkish woman citizen, as far as the West is concerned. She has not only rendered conspicuous service to her country during its recent wars but since the close of the last one, the Greco-Turkish War of 1919-1922, she has been interpreting to the West her people and their culture through books, lectures and articles.

Turkish readers of Halide Hanum's books—of which there are many in Turkish—agree that she writes both artistically and subjectively. It is almost impossible for her to write any other way. She finds it very difficult to separate herself from the events and personalities she is describing. And after all, the West if not the East, wants to know how all the matters upon which she touches strike an educated Turkish woman.

This volume of 273 pages is based on lectures delivered at the Institute of Politics at Williamstown, Massachusetts, in the summer of 1927. It is entirely natural, yet not quite necessary from the point of view of her subject, for the author to devote so much of her book to the more distant history of Turkey. Halide Hanum, however, wants to show how the Westernization of that country is a process which began long before Mustapha Kemal Pasha was born. It was not an afterthought of the Union and Progress party in 1908, much less an original thought with the present régime. This process of Westernization may be said to have begun in 1774 when Abdul Hamid I engaged European experts and artisans to teach the Ottoman army. He sensed the fact that inroads from the West could be repelled successfully only with Western methods and Western weapons.

The Westernization process has been steadily proceeding throughout the last 150 years, now accelerated by enlightened rulers like Selim III, now retarded by tyrants, like Abdul Hamid II, but constantly though slowly making progress. The author in common with many other Turks today looks upon the Great War and its aftermath as a blessing in so far as it destroyed the old Ottoman Empire and to some extent the mentality that went with it, and made it possible for the government of the Turkish people, by the Turkish people, and for the Turkish people to take its place. It will be surprising for the Western reader to catch the drift of the author's thought that the spirit of the Turk has much more in common with the West than with the East. "Herein lies the Turk's superiority as well as inferiority to other Eastern peoples; with that curious grim realism of the West, with its ruthless matter-of-factness, he handles his problems and passes on to new stages in his development, while the vast Eastern world, the real East, still talks, discusses and muses" (p. 35).

Through a series of chapters, the first six, Halide Hanum sketches the background of the Westernization process before it developed much acceleration. The last six chapters give her interpretation of events and trends since 1908. In spite of the bewildering rapidity with which political, social, and religious changes have followed one another during the last eight years, it is her judgment that the reforms of Abdul Mejid I, reforms known by the term Tanzimat (1839-1876), were "the greatest of all, not excepting those which are taking place today" (p. 68). This remark illustrates the aspect of the book which I prize most. Not its information, much of which is in print elsewhere, not its arrangement, suggestive as that is, but its sense of perspective makes it an impressive contribution to its subject. Halide Hanum presents distinctly "her views" of the development of Turkish history. She would be the last to claim that a lofty goal had been reached, but she cannot conceal her pride in the fact that the Turk has great capacity and is just now edging into an era of creative life.

The final chapter "Whither Turkey" will disappoint those readers who seek a dispassionate, objective estimate of the factors at work in Turkish society today. What is offered is severe criticism of Soviet Russia on the one hand and capitalistic Western life on the other, with Turkey represented as forced either to choose between the two or to create a new order of things. In the author's mind there is no doubt but that Turkey will continue to reject Communism. "The Turks would be the last people to accept Communism as an economic system" (p. 260). On the other hand, Western capitalism as a system can hardly command complete support, even though "in its economic system, for long years to come, Turkey is bound to stand on the side of Capitalism" (p. 259).

For the readers of the MISSIONARY HERALD there is one especially interesting reference to religion. Turkey has declared itself to be a secularistic state. "No secular state," says Halide Hanum (p. 230), "can logically have a basic law which establishes a

*By Halide Edib, Yale University Press, 1930.

state religion. The abolition of the clause from the constitution was therefore in true and necessary accord with the nature of the new Turkish State at its last stage of secularization. 'Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's.' The Turks have at last rendered up the things that were Caesar's or the State's; *but Caesar or the State still keeps things which belong to God.* . . . This situation is a serious impediment to the spiritual growth of Islam in Turkey, and there is always a danger in it of the use of religion for political ends."

In another connection a reference to Moslem religious education contains the only glaring error of fact which I have noticed in the book. "Religious teaching and the reading of the Koran occupied some hours up to 1925; then they were (altogether) abolished" (p. 235). Unless it has been abolished within the very recent past, Moslem religious education has been a part of the program of the Department of Education for the third, fourth and fifth grades in Government primary schools, a textbook for each grade in the new alphabet being provided. Halide Hanum has not lived in Turkey for the last few years. She and her husband are more or less political exiles. Under such circumstances it is not always easy to be as accurate as one is interesting.

F. F. G.

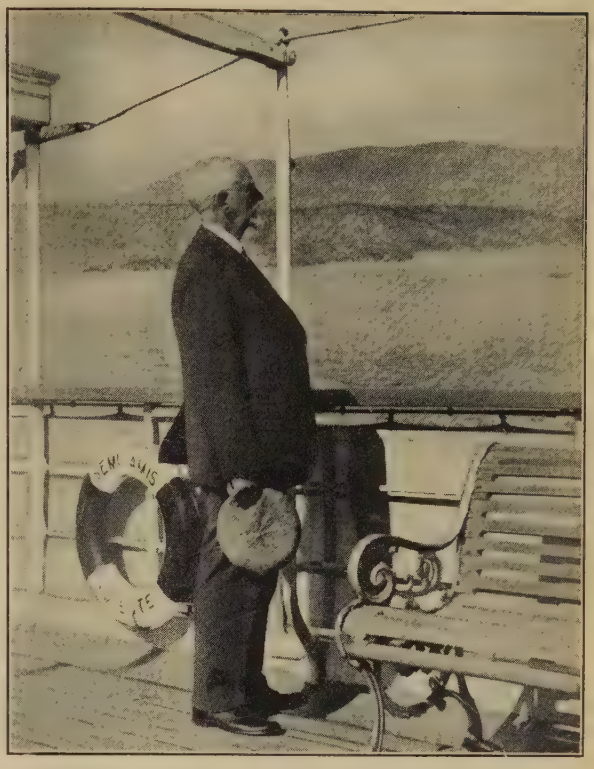
Miscellaneous

Sheep of the Outer Fold, by Florence H. Towne, Superintendent of Erie Chapel Institute, Chicago (Fleming H. Revell Co., $1.00), contains stories of Neighborhood House work in a great city—heart-searching stories that nevertheless encourage.

The Jesus Road and the Red Man, by G. E. E. Lindquist (Fleming H. Revell Co., $1.50), is a volume of Bible studies prepared and used by the author, while engaged in teaching among Indians. The Great Pathfinder, seems a specially appropriate subject for members of a race who have followed hidden trails in woods and over mountains, and The Great Spirit, for a race essentially monotheistic.

West Indian Treasures, by Winifred Hulbert, author of *Cease Firing* (Friendship Press, N. Y., cloth $1.00, paper $.75), begins with an airplane trip to Santo Domingo, then goes back to the story of Columbus' voyage hither, to later invaders of the Spanish Main, and the stories of other islands of the West Indies.

Trailing the Conquistadores, by Samuel Guy Inman (Friendship Press, N. Y., cloth $1.00, paper $.75), also treats of the West Indies giving a comprehensive view of the history, social, economic, and religious forces of these islands. The Cradle of America, The White Man's Burden, Romance Turned to Roads, Overpopulation and Underfeeding, are a few chapter titles. Mr. Inman is Secretary of the Committee on Coöperation in Latin America and Instructor in International Relations at Columbia University.



SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS YOUNG!

Dr. James L. Barton, senior secretary emeritus of the American Board, is "snapped" in the Bay of Salamis. No one better than he has found the "fountain of perennial youth" in the lands bordering the Mediterranean.

For several months past he has been abroad in the interests of the work of the Near East Relief and its continuing body, the Near East Foundation, of which he is vice-president. He has also been looking into some of the work of the American Board. His impressions of the standing of the missionary in Turkey are most favorable. So he reported to his colleagues in the Board just before Christmas when he returned from the Near East.

"I return to the Homeland," he says, confident that the leaven of the Gospel is working with the persistence and force of the Power of God. While the Kingdom is not coming with observation, it is advancing in new ways with persistence and certainty."

Educating for Peace, by Elizabeth Miller Lobingier and John Leslie Lobingier (Pilgrim Press, Boston, Chicago, $2.00) is for teachers who want their work to count in the cause of world friendship, for parents who want internationalism reflect-

(Continued on page 95)

THIS IS STATION A B C F M

DOROTHY P. CUSHING ANNOUNCING

THROUGH THE AIR FROM CHINA

When the Radio Commission opened its new service between China and the United States, John C. Talcott of Talcottville, Connecticut, a member of the Prudential Committee of the American Board, was surprised with a message from Rev. Edward H. Smith of Ingtai, China, which was sent from Foochow at 9.30 p.m. on December 6 and reached Hartford, Connecticut at 3.04 a.m. on December 7.

"THIS IS STATION L U H O"

No—this is not a trick name, it is a real station and it really broadcasts. It is the broadcasting station of Jefferson Academy, Tunghsien, North China, and for 120 li (approximately a third of a mile in America) these programs are heard. Open-mouthed villagers listen to the loud speaker. "This foretells the day when we shall be broadcasting sermons and sacred music throughout the country field!" exults Rowland M. Cross of Peiping. The radio will bring in other propaganda but it will aid immeasurably in spreading the gospel—blessed be radio.

TO KNOW IS TO APPRECIATE

A Japanese young woman came to the Glory Kindergarten Training School. Her family, non-Christians, were dead set against her attending a Christian school. They made her young life miserable. Mrs. Catherine Jay Akana, of the School, visited the home. It was a typical old-fashioned family with a shrine and light burning in the courtyard. On the fortieth anniversary of the school Grandmother was persuaded to come to a meeting. The old lady was deeply interested by the beauty of the afternoon program. The next Sunday she went to church to see what this religion might be which had produced such a school. Since then the granddaughter has been allowed to go freely and happily to school and church and was recently baptized as a Christian.

JAPANESE PRESS OPEN TO CHRISTIAN NEWS

A union Christian news agency has just been organized in Japan and admitted as a coöperating body in the National Christian Council, according to Darley Downs, of Tokyo. It is now hoped that funds may be secured to make possible the preparation of articles and news items of a religious nature which will be regularly supplied to the Japanese press. Already, Mr. Downs reports, fifty newspapers in Japan carry at least one Christian article a week—most of these are printed free.

PATIENCE, BROTHER

A missionary in the East acquires the characteristic of patience, if he hasn't it beforehand, or he would never stay in the Orient long. The building program of five boarding schools in the Madura Mission, India, goes on apace but not with Yankee swiftness. Raymond Dudley says that nearly all the land is purchased but that not long ago he had *two* men at his bungalow at the *same* time trying to sell him the *same* piece of land. It took a year to straighten the thing out, involving the loan of money for clearing a mortgage, the purchase of the acre and the return of the loan. The Government has granted $55,000 for the scheme but has taken a year and a half to work out. Now contracts are let for three recitation halls, two wells are nearly dug and excavations are under way.

A TINY LEAGUE OF NATIONS

With Bulgarians, Greeks, Assyrians, Russians and Armenians in the student group at the School of Religion in Athens, Greece, Isabelle Brown Rose and Richard S. Rose call their pupils "a tiny League of Nations," which they believe is fostering good will and better understanding in the Near East as well as training and sending out well-equipped men and women for service along religious and social lines. Many of the young people in this school have not only caught the spirit of service, but have inherited courage and faith. One new student found that his grandfather and the father of an older pupil had both been victims of the terrible outrage back in 1909, when twenty-three delegates on their way to a church conference were locked in a church and burned. Afterward a woman who had looked through the window reported a sublimely serene scene with the venerable white-haired leader laying his hand in benediction on the younger men as the flames leaped toward them.

DO SUCH TACTICS PAY?

Opposition from representatives of the Roman Catholic Church in the Philippines is fairly active in Cagayan, according to Alice Towne, who reports that when Dr. Frank C. Laubach of Dansalan, Lanoa, was conducting a series of services, the Catholics were warned not to listen to him. "He is perhaps the most loved and most hated man in the Philippines," says Miss Towne, ". . . the Romanists would do almost anything in their power to get him out of the country." Young people in the Catholic dormitories were watched very carefully during these lectures lest they attend. Others outside were sufficiently interested to come and take a chance of a few extra punishments in Purgatory. That is the thing about which they ask the most questions in discussion groups. Throughout the series the church was crowded. Another incident reported by Florence Fox is that of a priest who stood before the door of the dormitory telling the girls that they were in a wicked place and that they were endangering their lives by living there and turning "from the true Church." The American missionaries said nothing and did nothing —and the reverend father did not again stand in the doorway. Ignorance, superstition, and spirit worship, Miss Fox adds, still have a strong hold on the people.

"A TRUE AMERICAN INVENTION"

When their Majesties, King Boris and Queen Johanna of Bulgaria, stood the second day of their wedding festivities in Sofia and reviewed some 40,000 school children, high and college students, marching before them, the American mission schools and the American College were represented and photographed by the Bulgarian press.

Speaking of the American contingent the *Utre* said: "It was a unique sight, the passing of the American school in the capital city. A true American invention! The first column of children waved white handkerchiefs, the second column green, the third red, thus forming above the heads of the children a beautiful national flag. In fine ranks also passed the American College at Simeonova."

"SHALL COMMUNISM WIN OR SHALL WE?"

A striking manifesto has been published in the findings of the National Conference on Evangelism conducted as part of the Kingdom of God Campaign in Tokyo, Japan. Its reference to Communism and the tendency toward the elimination of religion makes it of peculiar interest at this time. "Surrounded by a cloud of witnesses and having aroused tremendous expectations both within and without Japan, the Kingdom of God Campaign has passed its first half year and stands on the threshold of a new period. Facing this hour, the Second Nation-wide Conference on Evangelism has succeeded in its purpose and revealed a spirit of unity and of aggressiveness that exceeds the highest expectation. We are profoundly convinced that God is in this Movement and that it is His will to use it in saving Japan.

"However, on the one hand as we look about and see the present condition of our fellow countrymen, we find them in distress because of the problem of bread and, because of soul restlessness, just like wandering sheep perishing in the desert. The while, although the revolutionary movement which aims at accomplishing its purpose through materialistic principles and bloodshed is flaring up like a forest fire, still the people can do nothing but stand by with folded arms, or else adopt repressive measures whose only effect is like pouring oil upon the flames.

"Shall the brute force revolution which in Russia poured out the unhappy blood of 1,700,000 lives and set up a nation without religion be repeated in Japan? Or shall God's Kingdom of love be set up here? Shall communism win or shall we? Shall we destroy or give new life?

"The Lord left the command to the little flock, saying, 'Love ye one another.' Here lies our power. Facing this crisis there is but one way out. All the Christians of the Empire must coöperate and unitedly move forward toward a common goal.

"Who can save Japan from ruin? Only the Holy Spirit. *To our knees! brothers and sisters, to our knees! Let us pour power into our prayers! We must win our victory on our knees.*

"Moreover, move forward! Out of Sodom let us raise up fifty righteous men! Let us raise up in Japan one million warriors of a common faith. Arise! Without battle there can be no victory. Thus our Lord says, 'To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne even as I also overcame and am set down with my Father in His throne.'"

THE DEACON KNOWS HIS CORN

It was a wonderful affair and a grand time was had by all, from the "dirt farmer" who had gone up to Jefferson Academy, Tunghsien, North China, for one of the winter courses and won a prize with his white leghorn rooster, to the enterprising Chinese deacon who used the foreign corn sheller which was on exhibition from early dawn until late at night, thereby shelling half of his own corn crop and at the same time demonstrating the advantage of this simple but up-to-date machine over the old methods of thrashing. It was one of the county fairs promoted by the Agricultural Department of Jefferson Academy, and at night a large sheet was hung at the crossroads for moving pictures. "It seemed as if the whole countryside was there," said Rowland W. Cross. "There will be something else besides gossip with which to while away the long winter evenings this year." When the County Magistrate and other dignitaries visited the fair, the cup of joy of the little village was filled to overflowing, for it not only "gave them face," but provided a splendid opportunity to demonstrate the practical program of the Christian Church. "The church is alive to all the needs of the people in the rural districts," declares Mr. Cross. "Six of our Congregational pastors are being set aside for a month to prepare in simple language a course of study for beginners in the Christian religion."

DOUBLE PAY

"Reverend," begged a bright-faced lad in Peiping, China, addressing Rev. William B. Stelle of Tunghsien. He was one of those who steal rides from the suburban stations and pick up a few coppers by illicit redcapping. Stelle was seated on his baggage, packed to cover ten days' travel. Should he let the boy guard it? Such a boy! He was very hot and very thirsty. Ginger ale could be procured back in the station. The missionary's country outfit is absolutely indispensable. Part could easily be slipped off the other side of the car and the boy mix with the throng. "I am going for a drink of ginger ale," said Stelle, suddenly making up his mind, "You guard my baggage." He knew it was risky, he looked back several times, he drank the ale rather hurriedly. He came back—there was the boy and the baggage. "I paid him for his time," says Stelle, "and more for his honesty."

THEIR VOICES MAKE A PEACEFUL VILLAGE

The first Christian in her little country village—the first woman to go away from there to college—one of Frances B. Clapp's girls from The Doshisha, Kyoto, Japan, writes of her experiences "back home again." The villagers thought the college student an "extraordinary man" who was always idle. But they soon learned otherwise. "I was not a preacher," says this charming little lady, "but I had as my motto the holy phrase 'Watch ye, stand fast in the faith. Quit you like men, be strong. Let all things be done with charity.' When it grew dark the children would cry or quarrel because their parents had not returned from work in the fields. The mosquitoes tormented them. I gathered them together and told them the story of Jesus,'' says the Doshisha girl, "and I sang to them so their voices made a peaceful village."

DIANA'S INDIAN DIARY

By ISABEL BROWN ROSE

XLVI

We're going to America *this* year! You can't imagine what a thrill we get out of saying *this* year. It brings it so near, somehow, although it is still some months off. Luke and I said it simultaneously when we wished each other a happy New Year on January first as the clock finished striking twelve, and we say it about three times a day—at breakfast, lunch, and dinner—morning, noon, and night.

Being blessed with a splendid constitution I do not feel desperate for a rest, although I have been in India over five years without a break. Luke has been seven, and that is too long for *anybody,* according to my way of thinking. There is a sinister something in India, a compound of debilitating climate, low standards, unlovely sounds and smells and sights, which acts as a constant down drag—physical, mental and moral, a nerve irritant so elusive that it seldom gets its due.

From a purely impersonal and medical point of view I consider it extremely shortsighted policy to keep a missionary with his nose to the grindstone too long. It is bad both for the nose and the grindstone, though naturally the nose shows signs of wear sooner than the grindstone. A recent survey was made in various Mission Boards, and it was found that most breakdowns came after five years' residence in the tropics. How much better to have a missionary take furlough after five years of work, before he has reached the point of exhaustion, than to have him hang on for seven years and then go home a physical and sometimes a mental wreck! Most business firms in India have three years as the term of service for their young employees. This is not a matter of kindness but of efficiency. It is good business to keep their personnel in good condition, and they have proved that it actually pays to have them leave India every three years.

One Mission Board has ten years as its term and, as might be expected, it has an appalling record of breakdowns and mortality. You would not believe me if I mentioned what its expectancy of life is. The devotion of its members is stupendous, but it is like the Charge of the Light Brigade—magnificent, but not war. In this case it is magnificent but it is not horse sense. From a very mundane point of view it is also wanton waste. The most expensive item in a missionary's career is his outfit money, cost of passage, and the first two years when he is learning language, absorbing environment, and *getting ready to be useful.* Now, if he dies off soon the whole expenditure has been in vain and the work is handicapped until his successor is found, and sent out, and trained. And what about the needless sacrifice of a useful life?

Life is going to be pretty strenuous these next three months. As soon as possible after the Great Event which is scheduled for the end of February, Jim will take Pansy to Mahableshwar and stay there until we leave in April, when he will come back and take charge here. Pansy will remain at the hills, as she did last year, until the rains break in June. Our hearts are at rest about the hospital. We have really hooked that young doctor I mentioned before who wants to try out India for a year before deciding on his life work, and he will be here in June. As for Mildred, she has decided on a Mahableshwar wedding. Pansy will be there anyway, and we will all go up for a couple of days. And so life goes, with things happening all the time and plenty of work to be done before we start to play.

Chapters on a tour of the district, a baby show, a visit from Sadhu Sundar Singh, have here been left out. With other omitted matter they can be read in the story as now published in book form. To be secured from the Pilgrim Press.

XLVII

Finale

Letter from Dr. Diana Drew Carson, Kamalapur, India

To Mrs. Stephen Strong, Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.

February 21st.

My dear Akka,

I certainly do thank you for your cable received this morning, Thursday, in answer to mine sent to you on Monday. Your message read:

> "Love and deepest sympathy. Warm welcome here. Write all details immediately. Strong."

I think there are two reasons for your asking me to write at once. You naturally are anxious to hear how it all happened, but you also feel that it will help me to get things straightened out in my own mind if I put them on paper. But, Akka, I feel as though life could never be straightened out again. I am stunned—stunned into stupidity. My mind is numb, and I feel as though something were going to snap in my brain. But I keep tight hold of myself by saying over and over again, "God is good. It *must* be all right. God is good. It *must* be all right."

I'll try to tell you everything from my point of view, exactly as it came to me.

To begin with, we were expecting the Great Event about the end of this month, and thought we had taken every human precaution to make it a success. As the tropics had always been so trying for Pansy we had all hoped that she would agree to go to a better climate for six months, both for her sake and that of Francis. I had offered to accompany her to England; and when she refused that, Jim had been eager to go with her to Vienna where he could very profitably take some post-graduate work. But Pansy had surprised us completely by her firmness in refusing even to consider any plan that involved leaving India. "My home is here, with

you all and with my Indian friends," she would insist. And if we, in our solicitude, pressed the matter, Pansy would be apt to have a nervous upset and would say she was afraid we did not want her here!

We next urged her to go to Mahableshwar in January, but again she was adamant. After that we held a private family conclave, and we decided that there was nothing for it but to strain every nerve to make things as safe and pleasant for her in Kamalapur as we possibly could.

We had reason to believe that maternity would not be an easy experience for Pansy. In the privacy of our home Luke and I have faced the possibility of tragedy, but we made a brave pretense to Jim and to the general public that we were confident. Sunny Jim's cheerfulness in his wife's presence has been pathetically overdone, but in repose his face has become increasingly haggard, and some mornings he looked as if he had not had a wink of sleep. Pansy herself has had much depression and many forebodings, which we assured her were a common concomitant of her condition.

As her blood count was poor we had everything in readiness lest a blood transfusion should seem advisable. By the haemolysis test we had found that neither Luke's blood nor Jim's nor Mildred's nor mine would do. We were purposely saying nothing about it to our Indian friends and helpers lest they mention it to Pansy and make her apprehensive; but it happened that Dr. Josephrao unexpectedly blew into the laboratory while I was working over the tests. He smiled knowingly and said right out, "I know why you're doing that. The Little Mudumsahib may need somebody's blood later on." We thought it best to be frank with him (seeing he knew all about it already!) and he promised to be discreet. He took the greatest interest in the tests, and when they all brought unsatisfactory results he insisted on having his own blood tested. He was delighted when it gave a favorable reaction, and he begged us to call on him without hesitation if occasion should arise.

We were really much relieved. We had been counting on Rhoddie, but could not be sure that he would be on hand at the critical moment. As a matter of fact, he planned to be. He had obtained, with the greatest difficulty, a fortnight's special leave. "She's my only sister, Di," he explained, "in fact, my only near relative. It no doubt sounds fussy for a brother to be hanging around at the time of his sister's confinement, but Pansy isn't an ordinary sister. She stood by me and nursed me back to health and strength when I had typhoid fever and nearly snuffed out. If my presence can be the slightest comfort to her it's a small sacrifice on my part."

It actually was a big sacrifice, for it simply meant a fortnight less of honeymoon in April or May, but I heartily agreed with all Rhoddie said and felt. Pansy went pink with pleasure over this sign of brotherly affection, and joyfully looked out half a dozen of Rhoddie's favorite books which he was to read out to her if Francis should happen not to keep to schedule.

So, you see, Akka, we thought we had anticipated every possible emergency, yet our painstaking plan was one of those "best-laid schemes of mice and men" that Fate smashes to smithereens while the schemer stands and looks on helplessly.

Last Friday afternoon, the fifteenth, Jim was called by a friendly Brahman doctor to a consultation in the home of a Brahman patient. Luke, as usual, was operating. Mildred, as usual, was in charge of the operating room. I, as usual, was busy in the wards. Pansy, as usual, was to rest all afternoon, and I had promised to have tea with her in the garden at five o'clock.

About a quarter to five (how these details are stamped on my memory now!) I looked over the veranda as I passed from one ward to another. Pansy was strolling about. She looked up to me and waved, and I called down that I would be with her directly. I hurried through a few duties, got out of my overall, washed up, and started along the veranda.

Through the trees I caught sight of a procession passing along the road. I presumed that it was a Hindu funeral, for men were carrying a bier, and the accompanying crowd was wailing and shrieking. I remember saying to myself, "I hope to goodness Pansy won't go to the gate and watch it." As I previously said, we had been on the alert to shield her from any sight or sound that might affect her nerves. "Nothing but nice" did not include Hindu funerals. A dead body jostling on a stretcher, and a dead face made hideous with powder and ash—these are trying even to a callous observer, and Pansy had never got over an instinctive horror of them. So I took to my heels and raced along the veranda, then downstairs, then round the hospital building towards Pansy's garden, hoping to head her off. But when I reached the corner I saw a drama enacted before my eyes which I shall never forget. It is burned into my brain with red-hot irons of horror, the twin horrors of hopelessness and helplessness.

The noisy cortège had turned into our compound. Pansy, who had been strolling towards the gate, was about to meet it. "Wait, Pansy, wait," I shouted in agony as I flew towards her. "Pansy, don't look. Wait a minute. I'm coming."

But Pansy never so much as turned her head. She seemed to be drawn towards that bier like a person mesmerized. The men laid down their load and stood round it weeping and wringing their hands. Pansy halted for a moment, then rushed forward, pushed through the crowd, and bent over the bier. I saw her throw up her arms with a piercing shriek and fall face forwards over it, just three seconds before I reached her. And what did I see on the bier? Jim, apparently lifeless. His face and hands were blackened. His coat sleeve was in ribbons. He was soaked in blood from a great gash on his forehead.

We have only gradually pieced the story together. It seems that Jim drove his doctor friend home after the consultation and was on his way to the hospital in his roadster. You remember a row of wretched straw and mud huts outside the north city gate, where the very poorest of the poor outcastes live? Well, as Jim was passing along the road he suddenly heard a great screeching, and on turning his head noticed that one of the huts had caught fire. He drew up and rushed over. The men folks were out at their work and the women had lost their heads. Some of them were running wildly backwards and forwards screaming at the pitch of their voices.

Some stood tearing their hair out in great handfuls. Others jumped crazily up and down and made that bom-bom noise with their hands against their open mouths. The few bystanders were looking on and laughing.

Jim shouted to them to come on and help him. He started to tear down the burning thatch and to pull out the paltry possessions—cooking vessels and bundles of clothes. But there was quite a bit of wind, and the houses are so closely placed that the flames ran along like mad things and attacked the next three huts before they could be stopped. So Jim left these to their fate and concentrated his efforts on demolishing those farther along in the line of the fire. A few of the women helped him, but most of them stood howling lustily, frantically clutching their babies to themselves as they watched the destruction of "home."

By this time of course a big crowd had gathered, and was gazing in amazement at this fool of a white man who was blackened with smoke and burnt with falling thatch, all in a maniacal attempt to save the trivial treasures of a group of despicable outcastes with whom he had no connection.

Three huts were completely destroyed. The fourth one—next in line to those that had been purposely dismantled—was blazing merrily when a horrible hullabaloo was heard and a woman was seen frantically pushing through the crowd. She had evidently been washing clothes at the river for she still carried a bundle of wet *saris* in an iron pan on her head. She threw this down and leaped towards the burning hut. Jim and some women seized her and forcibly kept her back.

"Let go," she yelled, as she kicked and bit at them. "My baby! My baby! Let me get my baby!"

"Where is it?" asked Jim authoritatively as he gripped her wriggling shoulder.

"In its cradle, swung from the rafter," she wailed. "Let go, you brutes, and let me get my baby," and she struggled and strained with terrific force, like a demoness.

By this time the hut was a mass of flames, and thick clouds of black smoke were pouring out of it. "Keep tight hold of her," commanded Jim, as he snatched a cloth that had been rescued from one of the huts and wrapped it round his head. He shook off the hands that feebly tried to keep him back, and made a dive into the hut.

The crowd was petrified into speechlessness by his madness.

By and by he reappeared at the door with a bundle in his arms. The mother plunged forward and took her baby from him. He was stumbling, they say, blinded no doubt with the smoke. Just before he got clear of the door he lurched against the door-frame. The roof crashed in, something fell on him, and he dropped like a stone to the ground.

Some onlookers pulled him out and found that he had been struck by a crowbar. It had been lying under the eaves, and when Jim tottered against the door frame he had dislodged the crowbar and had precipitated the collapse of the roof. Seeing Jim insensible they thought he was dead, so carried him home . . . and killed Pansy.

Pansy's child was born next morning, a beautiful boy. We tried to persuade her that Jim would live, but she shook her head and turned her face to the wall. That frightful picture of Jim lying dead before her had become a fixed idea. Nothing could remove it but Jim himself, well and strong, coming and speaking to her. But poor Jim was lying in another room in a precarious condition, suffering from concussion.

Soon after the birth, which was a difficult one, Pansy showed signs of sinking. We decided on a blood transfusion. Rhoddie had been wired for but could not possibly arrive before midday, so we gratefully accepted Dr. Josephrao's eager offer. We carried it out by the indirect method. Luke and I formed the two teams, each with a sterile nurse, and Mildred was the non-sterile nurse helping us both.

I looked from Pansy to Josephrao and back to Pansy. What a symbol it was! Here were East and West ready and zealous to help each other. Jim had endangered his life to save that of an unknown Indian child. His Indian friend was now giving his life-blood to save the life of Jim's wife.

But Pansy's reactionary symptoms were so severe that we had to stop the transfusion. It was only at that point that I gave up hope. I met Luke's anguished eyes and I knew that *he* knew.

The idea was not new to me. I had lived with the fear of it in my heart for months, and had been almost paralyzed by it. Did my letters sound cocksure, Akka? I did not *feel* cocksure, even when I talked glibly about our plans for furlough and about the fine arrangements made for carrying on our work while we were away. But, for my own sake and that of other people, I lashed myself to look cheerful and to act as though everything *must* come all right. Of course we can't help wondering whether we could have saved her had we done this or that. But I think we did our human best.

But why was it, I asked myself over and over again, that there should have been such a tragic sequence of coincidences? Flimsy straw huts burn down in Kamalapur every little while. Why did that hut happen to take fire just when Jim was passing? Why did it all happen when Pansy was in a hazardous state of health? Why did the procession with Jim on the bier happen to enter the compound precisely when Pansy strolled towards the gate? We are all proud of Jim's heroism and would not have had him do otherwise than he did; but why, oh why, did he have to jeopardize his own life and Pansy's on that particular day?

Before she passed out, Pansy had a few minutes of consciousness. I begged her to rally, and promised her that Jim would soon be all right. She closed her eyes wearily and whispered, "I've known all along, Di, that I wouldn't live. You wouldn't believe me, but I *knew*." Then she looked up and asked feebly for the baby. I ran and brought it.

"Hold him, Di, and stand over there, where I can see you both . . . Thanks. I know you'll love him as though he were your own little Gerald. Will you please look for the letter in my workbasket? And give my love to Rhoddie. I know Mildred will make him happy. And thank you, Di, for all you've done for me. I'll tell Jim all about it. Jim! . . . Jim! . . ." She heaved a tired little sigh, and was gone.

As long as Pansy was alive and there was something to be done, I kept my self-control, but I lost it when I went to her workbasket to look for her letter. It stood, as usual, beside her couch in a sheltered corner of the veranda. With his own hands Jim had made an ingenious frame and stand for it, whereby it could be rolled about the floor and raised or lowered as suited Pansy's convenience. For months it had been her constant companion, and she had sewed into her task so many lovely hopes and perhaps so many haunting fears.

The basket, like its owner, is such a dainty thing. It is lined and trimmed with blue silk. I remember how we teased Pansy and advised her to have both blue and pink, to suit either Francis or Frances. But she had smiled in her quiet way and said, "Blue for a boy, and Francis is going to be a boy." Then she had made one of the few puns in her life by adding, "I have an I (eye) for the I in Franc*I*s!"

Like all Pansy's possessions, the basket was in apple-pie order. She had made ingenious pockets for the different contents, and everything was neatly in place. There were packets of needles arranged in the order of their size number. There were rows of spools arranged in the order of their fineness. There were four pairs of scissors arranged in the order of their length. There were numerous cards of lace edgings arranged in the order of their widths. The finished garments were, I knew, packed away in tissue paper in methodical piles in "Francis' bureau" but in a corner of the workbasket I found the little dress Pansy had been embroidering with forget-me-nots. That somehow finished me.

It was quite a while before I could search for her message. I knew there was a notebook where she kept an accurate list of the things she made for Francis, and, as I expected, the note to me was inside it. It enclosed one for Jim which I shall give him later. Mine was dated a month ago and ran thus:

Di, dear, will you please name the baby Gerald James? I want Gerald for your little boy and James for my big boy. I feel I owe you such a lot. If I had never met you I would never have found Jim—and happiness. And you have been so patient with me in my delicate health and my foolish little ways. I know that a weak and childish person like myself must be irritating to anyone as strong and independent as you are, but you have acted like the tenderest big sister anyone ever had. I can never thank you enough, yet now I am going to put another burden on you—the burden of my child. But I think you will love that burden. Make him a doctor like his father and grandfather.

I had a lovely dream last night, which made me write this letter. It was really a vision, and I think God sent it to me to comfort me in my brooding. I saw a fair young man called Gerald James Carson come out from home to carry on the hospital work with his father. I plainly saw the reception and the garlanding on this very veranda. I saw some of my Indian friends go up to him and weep and tell him that they had known and loved his little mother. Then I watched him go to the cemetery and kneel on my grave and consecrate himself there to be a good man and a faithful missionary. I have been so happy since that dream—which I feel sure was more than an ordinary dream. For, Di dear, although I've been so stupid and useless, my life has not been altogether in vain. I give my life now, that a more useful life may be born into the world.

There's just one thing more, Di. Will you please let my Indian friends come and have a visit with me when I am dead? It's not our custom, Di, and we ourselves don't care for anything spectacular, but our Indian Christians love that kind of visit, and I feel sure it would mean a lot to them. Kissing may not be hygienic in life but it can't do me any harm in death. And, please, I don't want to be buried in that lonely European plot, but in the Indian Christian cemetery, in the midst of the nameless mounds. I want to be with my Indian friends in death as I have been in life. Thank you. Pansy.

We carried out Pansy's wishes. Had Jim been well, I think we would have had to leave him alone with his dead; but the bandaged figure in complete unconsciousness could not resent the crowds that came to say goodbye to *his* Little Mudumsahib—and *theirs*. From Saturday noon when she died until Sunday morning when the funeral took place, there was an unending stream of visitors. We had laid Pansy on the couch on the veranda which she had occupied so much recently. It was there, you remember, Akka, that I accidentally saw Jim give her a butterfly kiss and tiptoe off again—before they were even engaged, when everything went wrong before it all came right again.

Men, women, and children filed past. Some of them reverently kissed her waxen brow. Others felt unworthy to do that and merely raised the edge of the sheet to their lips. Mothers held out their children to touch her, as we had seen them do to Gandhi.

One young bully who had illtreated his wife and thereby wounded Pansy's sensitive heart, knelt with his wife beside the couch and promised the Little Mudumsahib before God that he would turn over a new leaf.

A man who had borne false witness in the court against his neighbor last week, brought that neighbor and confessed his misdeed in the presence of the beautiful and virtuous dead.

A disgruntled, out-of-work Christian who had been threatening to turn Hindu "for his stomach's sake" laid his big rough hand across Pansy's crossed arms and vowed to God that he would not turn his back on Christ.

Pansy had always been as pretty as a picture in life, but in death she was exquisite, seraphic. I don't think anyone left that veranda without feeling purified and ennobled. God grant that it may be more than temporary purification and temporary nobility.

Kamalapur has never seen anything like the funeral. The procession was over a mile long, and stretched from the church to the cemetery. The news of Jim's heroic act had spread like wildfire through the city and made a profound impression. The fact that he lost his wife because of his fantastic chivalry (for that is how most Indians regard it) in saving the life of an unknown child of the untouchables, has moved all classes of Indian society. Members of every caste and creed came to pay their respects by attending the funeral.

The casket was borne on the shoulders of six men; and, as is usual in the Orient, the bearers frequently changed. There was such eagerness to share the burden that no one was permitted the privilege more than a few

minutes. But the two men at the front two corners refused to be relieved—at the right-hand corner was Rhoddie, and at the left-hand corner the outcaste man whose child Jim had saved.

Pansy is gone, but her short and sweet life has left an indelible impression on this Hindu city. It has drawn the diverse elements together as few things have ever done. Many non-Christian visitors come every day to enquire about Jim's progress; they ask what it is in our religion that made Pansy so loveable and Jim so noble. We try to tell them, and they shake their heads in wonderment.

Rhoddie is pretty badly broken up. Mr. Brunton met him at the station and had to tell him there was little hope. But when they arrived at the bungalow and Rhoddie found that Pansy had breathed her last, he turned a deathly white. I thought he was going to keel over, but he wheeled round to Mildred and buried his head on her dear, dependable shoulder. And Mildred, as she drew him to her and comforted him, had the face of an angel. I knew Rhoddie was safe, and I thanked God for Mildred.

Jim has had a few short periods of semi-consciousness yesterday and today. When he comes to himself, will even little Gerald be a strong enough anchor to keep him fast? Isn't it extraordinary, Akka, to think of Sunny Jim left with a motherless infant, just as his own father was?

We can make no plans until Jim is out of danger and able to tell us what he would like to do. Luke thinks I ought to take Jim and the baby to England as soon as Jim is able to travel. We may come to you later, Akka. We shall have to leave that an open question for the present, though it would be a tremendous comfort to talk things over with you.

Luke says he will stay right on here in place of Jim. So of course all our lovely plans for furlough have gone to the winds. That is a trifle. But when I stand on deck and watch Bombay fading out in the distance, Luke and I will not be hand in hand alone together, as we have so longed to be. Luke will be sweltering in loneliness in Kamalapur, and I will be holding in my arms Pansy's legacy—a new Gerald. Life is surely a strange puzzle.

Luke has been magnificent throughout. What faith he has! There has been never a word of rebellion, never a gesture of despair. He lives so close to God that he challenges nothing God does. Over and over again he repeats to me:

God breaks no thread His hand has spun.
He nothing does nor suffers to be done,
But thou thyself wouldst do, couldst thou but see
The end of all events as well as He.

And so, good-bye, Akka. I've been through the deep waters but they have not quite overwhelmed me. Spiritual refraction has distorted my vision, so I cannot see straight yet. But I say over and over again to myself, "God is good. It *must* be all right. God is good. It *must* be all right." And I have to leave it at that.

Yours,

Di-do.

FINIS

Our Friend the Artist

MRS. H. H. STRUTTON

We introduce here at the close of Mrs. Rose's "Diana's Indian Diary" the one who has provided her friend, the author, with specially prepared sketches. The HERALD *would take this opportunity of publicly expressing our gratitude to this missionary friend and colleague.*

PERSONALIA

MRS. H. H. STRUTTON, whose lovely water colors have added so much to the charm of *Diana's Indian Diary* in its serial form, is one of the finest artists in India. She paints both in oil and in water color, and makes pen and ink character studies, as those who read the April, 1928, MISSIONARY HERALD will remember. Her pictures of Kashmir and other beautiful parts of India have been used in Indian magazines and sold to Europeans from all over the world. She and her husband are Australians and worked under an English mission in India before Mr. Strutton became director under the Government of the Criminal Tribes Settlement at Sholapur. She encourages the women of this settlement in their arts and crafts, weaving, and embroidery, for her *vocation* is helping her husband in his work, her *avocation* is her painting.

MISS RAMONA SALAZAR, who started a social service project in Guadalajara over a year ago, was granted a scholarship in the School of Social Work of Western Reserve University at Cleveland, and is studying there this winter with a view to preparing herself further for settlement work in Mexico. REV. AND MRS. C. W. VREDENBURGH have joined the Guadalajara Station and Mr. Vredenburgh, who has been teaching Spanish in the University of Nebraska, is now teaching in the Colegio Internacional. Owing to illness MISS MARGARITA WRIGHT is taking her furlough a year early, and MISS HARRIET BARNARD has come from Mazatlan to take her place as principal of the Instituto Colon for a year. MISS RUTH FYE, who taught there last year is now Mrs. William Eckert, but is continuing to live in Guadalajara. MISS CATHERINE POPPLETON is a new teacher in the Instituto Colon, while MISS VIRGINIA POWELL is teaching in the Colegio El Pacifico at Mazatlan.

REV. AND MRS. C. P. GARMAN, who were present at Madison on their way back to Japan, reached Tokyo November 16, and plunged at once into the work which they had left at the beginning of their furlough.

THE NEWELLS IN JAPANESE COSTUME

"HORATIO B. NEWELL, D.D., MISSIONARY" is the title of a booklet just issued by the Euclid Avenue Congregational Church of Cleveland and edited by Mr. Samuel T. Wellman of that church as a "Tribute of Esteem and Honor to Dr. and Mrs. Newell." It contains the story of the lives and service of these splendid missionaries who have now retired from active service in Japan and includes a resolution voted by the church on Wednesday, December 10, 1930, as an expression of its affectionate regard.

There are a limited number of copies of this booklet, but we venture to predict that the friends of Dr. and Mrs. Newell can secure copies, so long as the supply lasts, from the pastor of the church, Dr. Ferdinand Q. Blanchard, Euclid Avenue at East 96th Street, Cleveland.

DR. EDWARD WILDER, who sailed for India, December 22, put in most of last July and all of September in the X-ray department of the Massachusetts General Hospital, took a five-day course in technique in Chicago, and, after attending the Annual Meeting of the Board, visited the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota. His mother, Mrs. Mabel W. Wilder, is accompanying the family to Madura, India. DR. HORACE THOMAS has been very busy in the hospital there. It is being called upon to take care of the health of the English and Indian staff of the huge Madura cotton-spinning mill. Over $700 was taken in from patients in a month recently, which is a record for the last ten years.

The LEEDS GULICK home in Matsuyama will have to be enlarged. When a caller arrives and finds a troop of Boy Scouts in the library, a young men's discussion group in the study, a Bible study group in the living room, a cooking class in the dining room and kitchen, and even the yard turned into a children's playground for the neighborhood, a front-door call is the only thing left for him.

MISS ANGIE CREW, who has been substituting as a teacher in Kobe College for Women, has been urgently requested to remain permanently on the staff of this splendid institution.

All our missionaries in Japan write enthusiastically of the union of our two groups. In the spirit of genuine good will and desire to coöperate for the sake of the kingdom, many of the difficulties at first seen are vanishing away as the actual working union develops.

In memory of MRS. HISAKO SAWADA, a loyal member of the little church at Uradome, a generous supporter and kind friend of the Mission camps, a new Christian kindergarten has been founded there. Mr. Setzuo Sawada, the Consul-General to New York, is her son, another son is also in diplomatic service, and the family is one of note.

MISS MARTHA STACY of Ishinomaki, Japan, humbly considers herself "the fifth wheel on the coach, not the steering wheel—more nearly the spare tire." And what does she do? Teaches Sunday school, both in the local church and in an outpost town; teaches evening school twice a week; conducts cooking classes two to four times a month; instructs in Bible class; drills the young people and children in special programs and pageants; speaks at Sunday services when the pastor is absent; visits in the homes and conducts women's meetings; attends all services from sunrise to moonrise. And above all, so guides and counsels and *loves* the young people that they all call her "Mother" when she gently chides them. A spare tire?

ARTHUR G. ROBINSON is brought into contact with the boys and teachers of four high schools and four colleges in Tientsin. He has also been drawn into the city-wide student work, serving as chairman of the Christian Student Fellowship Advisory Committee; in a Parents' Association and the Hopei Hobby Club he has been building up significant friendships with men active in community life.

The Chicago Theological Seminary

Founded—1855

A great city for its laboratory and a great university for its neighbor. Established traditions of social service, vital faith and spiritual freedom. Strong faculty, high academic standards, cultural opportunities and stimulating student fellowship.

Come to Chicago and prepare for the ministry, teaching or other Christian service. A graduate school, open to both men and women. Opportunities for self-help. Supervised field work, urban or rural.

For further information, address:

ALBERT W. PALMER, President — 5757 University Avenue, Chicago

ACTING CONSUL OF SEVENTEEN NATIONS

Such was the brevet rank during the War of Emma Darling Cushman, who went to Turkey as a missionary nurse of the Board in 1900, from 1907 to the Armistice carried on independently there, then until her death from black-water fever in Cairo, Egypt, on New Year's Eve, 1930, worked under the auspices of the Near East Relief and the Near East Foundation.

Wrote William T. Ellis a few years ago in his book, *Bible Lands Today:* "When the Great War had proceeded awhile, and the other missionaries were forced to leave Konia and central Asia Minor, Miss Cushman simply refused to go! There was nothing in the experience of the Turkish officials that taught them how to deal with this sort of woman.

"Throughout three years of the war she played a man's part and was, for the most of that time, the only representative of all the Allies, big and little, in mid-Turkey. She was given the title of 'Acting Consul of the Allied and Neutral Nations,' and permitted to be the intermediary for the supply of funds and food and other relief to the motley host of military and civil prisoners, who ranged from Zulus to Montengrins, with British officers and French Roman Catholic sisters as representative of the peak midway. Forty-six racial or national groups were in this flock of sufferers whom Miss Cushman shepherded single handed.

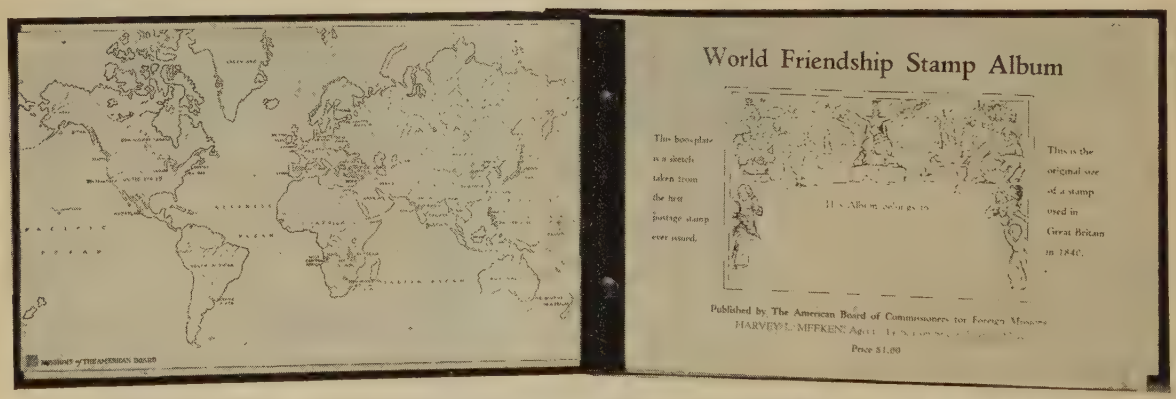
"As a mere material incident of her vast and varied service, she administered more than a million dollars of Entente funds; and that on a retail, bread-and-butter, clothing and shoes basis (she had to find in a precarious market the bread for thousands of hungry mouths).

"'A man's job,' you say? Yet only a woman could do it. There are forms of diplomacy not described in the manuals of the State Department. Not in vain had this shrewd woman spent long years among the Turks.

"Miss Cushman found herself at the end of the War with a thousand orphans under her care. After the rise of the Nationalists she was in charge of three orphanages, with two thousand children. When the orphanages were moved to Greece, she was made chief executive of the fifty-five hundred Armenian and Greek children who were concentrated in summer hotels at Adipsos. It was here I found her in 1923."

Miss Cushman was a descendant of Robert Cushman, who chartered the Mayflower. She was born in Burlington, New York, in 1863, graduated from State College, Kansas, and studied nursing in Paterson, New Jersey.

She went to Cairo from Greece to spend Christmas with some of her former charges, but her illness prevented her taking part in the holiday festivities.



WORLD FRIENDSHIP STAMP ALBUM

(copyrighted)

For the Home
Church Schools
Clubs and Collectors

A Loose Leaf Album with

Special Educational Features for $1.00

20 Maps of Our Mission Fields
25 Pages for the Collection of Information
25 Pages for mounting Prints of National and Mission Life
60 Ruled Pages for Stamp Mounting

Pre-Publication Order

(Date) 1931

HARVEY L. MEEKEN, *Agent*
14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Sir: Enclosed find my check for 90 cents as advance payment for a "World Friendship Stamp Album." Please acknowledge this payment and mail album to me when issued.

Name _____

Street and Number _____

City _____ State _____

Special Offer!

An album free for every 5 orders accompanied by cash or check. This offer holds until orders for 500 copies allow publication.

INDIVIDUAL TRAVEL

WE arrange at all times—at *home* and *abroad*—Individual Tours covering transportation, Hotel accommodations, etc., for Individuals, Families and small parties, who desire freedom from responsibility when traveling. We also offer a large variety of Escorted Tours embracing EUROPE—CALIFORNIA—NATIONAL PARKS—ALASKA—EVANGELINE'S COUNTRY, GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE, THE SAGUENAY—BERMUDA—WEST INDIES—AROUND THE WORLD.

Send for descriptive booklets.

STEAMSHIP TICKETS
BY ALL LINES

All Missionary Concessions Obtained
Cook's Traveler's Checques Good Everywhere

THOS. COOK & SON
167 TREMONT ST., BOSTON
3 doors from Keith's Theatre
Telephone Hancock 1120
300 Offices throughout the World

ESTEY
PIPE AND REED ORGANS
Estey Organ Co.
Brattleboro Vermont

ROUNDED out experience in Direct Mail Advertising has no substitute. Unnecessary expense and waste follow in the wake of unseasoned advice. Seek out the tried organization;—and be willing to pay for their knowledge. It is far less expensive at the conclusion.
F. S. ROOT COMPANY, INC.
38 Chauncy St., Boston Tel. Hancock 4910

Pulpit Gowns
and Choir Vestments
CUSTOM TAILORING
FOR CLERGYMEN
Pulpit Hangings & Bookmarkers
Cox Sons & Vining
131-133 E. 23rd St., New York

American Engraving Co.
ENGRAVING
DESIGNING and
COLOR PLATES
94 Arch St.—13 Otis St.
LIBerty 4640—4641

REFUSED PROFESSORSHIPS IN EIGHT AMERICAN COLLEGES TO COME TO THE NEAR EAST

That is what President Cass Reed of International College, Smyrna said a friend of his in a sister college did, and never had a regret. "No wonder," continues Dr. Reed; "of course, for me International College is unique, but when I am in Athens, in Sofia, in Constantinople, or in Beirut, I wish I had six lives to live in the Near East so that I might have a vital share in each one of these splendid institutions."

THE CHRONICLE

Furloughs Authorized

November 25. Rev. and Mrs. S. H. Leger of the Foochow Mission, beginning in the summer of 1931.

December 9. Miss Gertrude Harris of the Marathi Mission, beginning in April, 1931.

December 9. Rev. and Mrs. William Hazen of the Marathi Mission, beginning in April, 1931.

December 9. Miss Margaret G. Hammaker of the Marathi Mission, beginning in April, 1931.

December 9. Rev. and Mrs. Clifford G. Manshardt of the Marathi Mission, beginning in April, 1931.

December 9. Rev. and Mrs. Edward T. Perry of the Near East Mission, beginning in July, 1931.

December 9. Miss Isabella Nugent of the Marathi Mission, beginning in the spring of 1931, with a view to retirement.

Sailings for the Field

December 10. From New York, Miss Eleanor Marshall, joining the School for Missionaries' Children at Kodaikanal, India.

December 20. From San Francisco, Miss Eva M. Swift, returning to the Madura Mission.

December 22. From Los Angeles, Dr. and Mrs. Edward W. Wilder, returning to the Madura Mission.

Arrivals on the Field

August 17. At Machemeje, Portuguese East Africa, after several months in Portugal, Miss Edith J. Fuller, joining East Africa Mission.

Now Ready in Book Form

Diana's Indian Diary

by

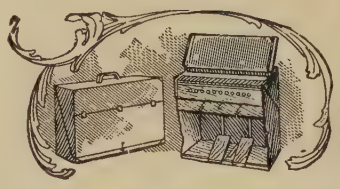
Isabel Brown Rose

"A compact up-to-date handbook on 'Mother India' packed with amazing information presented from first-hand knowledge of conditions. Fascinating as well as remarkably informative."
—*Christian Advocate.*

$1.50

At Your Bookstore

Richard R. Smith, Inc.
12 East 41st Street
New York


BILHORN FOLDING ORGANS
Are acknowledged the best for all purposes.
Send for catalog
BILHORN BROS., 29 W. LAKE ST., CHICAGO

LITHOGRAPHING
PRINTING
BINDING
LETTER SERVICE
General Advertising and Editorial Service
THE TUDOR PRESS, Inc.
251 Causeway Street, Boston, Mass.

"FOR THE LOVE OF MANKIND"
is the title of a carefully written, beautifully illustrated brochure, which describes how thousands of churches have satisfied the spiritual hunger of the hard of hearing . . . Upon request, we will send you a FREE copy.
Dictograph Products Co., Inc., Dept. 74T.
220 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Please mention
THE MISSIONARY HERALD
when writing to advertisers

Safe
Securities
for
Savings

Arthur Perry & Co.
Incorporated
Boston
New York Philadelphia

Stone & Downer Co.
CUSTOM HOUSE BROKERS
148 State Street, Boston

LETTER SERVICE
ADDRESSING MAILING
Boston Mailing Company
394 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

Hooper Printing Company
Printers who SERVE
74 India Street Boston, Mass.

October 12. At Fenchow, China, Miss Gertrude Kellogg, returning to the North China Mission.

November . At Fenchow, China, Dr. Percy T. Watson, returning to the North China Mission.

November . At Fenchow, China, Miss Helen C. Ulrich, joining the North China Mission.

November 2. At Durban, Natal, Miss Minnie E. Carter, returning to Inanda, South Africa Mission.

November 10. At Bombay, India, Mrs. Katherine V. Gates, returning to the Marathi Mission.

November 16. At Yokohama, *en route* to Tokyo, Japan, Rev. and Mrs. Clark P. Garman, returning to the Mission.

November 30. At Dumaguete, Philippine Islands, *en route* to Cagayan, Rev. and Mrs. James F. McKinley, joining the Philippines Mission.

ARRIVALS FROM THE FIELD

December 8. In New York, Rev. and Mrs. Henry A. Neipp of Chilesso, West Africa.

December 8. In New York, Rev. and Mrs. William H. McCance of Ahmednagar, India.

December 9. In New York, Rev. and Mrs. Frank S. Tucker of Inhambane, South Africa.

BIRTHS

November 2. At Yokohama, Japan, a daughter, Cora, to Rev. and Mrs. Leland W. Mann of Tokyo, Japan.

December 14. At Talas, Turkey, a daughter, Margaret, to Dr. and Mrs. Wilson F. Dodd of the Near East Mission.

December 21. At Ahmednagar, India, a son, to Rev. and Mrs. Winfield Q. Swart of the Marathi Mission.

December 21. At Marash, Turkey, a daughter, Carol, to Rev. and Mrs. Walter B. Wiley of the Near East Mission.

DEATHS

November 26. At Beloit, Wisconsin, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Porter, 1879-1899 member of the North China Mission.

December 31. At Cairo, Egypt, Miss Emma Cushman. See page 92.

January 14. At Madura, India, Miss Mary T. Noyes of the Madura Mission.

January 14. At Peiping, China, Edward B. Cassell of the North China Mission.

W. W. Winship, Inc.
Trunks, Bags, Suit Cases, Etc.
71 SUMMER ST. and
392 BOYLSTON ST.
BOSTON

Sterile Catgut
Surgical Instruments
Hospital Furniture
Invalid and Sick-Room Supplies
CROWLEY & GARDNER
731 BOYLSTON STREET
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Plays and Pageants
for the
Church School
Edited by MARIE W. JOHNSON
Fifteen simple but impressive plays and pageants, all of which have been successfully produced, for Easter, Christmas, and other festivals of your church, which will inspire the participants and delight your congregation.
Write today for a copy to be sent to you for examination
208 pages. $2.00 postpaid
THE BEACON PRESS, Inc.
25 Beacon Street Boston, Mass.

PIPE-TONE FOLDING ORGANS
Special: for limited time we will sell a 5 Octave Victor Folding Organ at price of a 4 Octave. 21 Styles. School, Chapel, Chautauqua and Folding Organs. Send for catalogue and prices.
A. L. WHITE MFG. CO. Dept. H.
215 Englewood Ave., Chicago, U. S. A.

Bookshelf

(Continued from page 83)

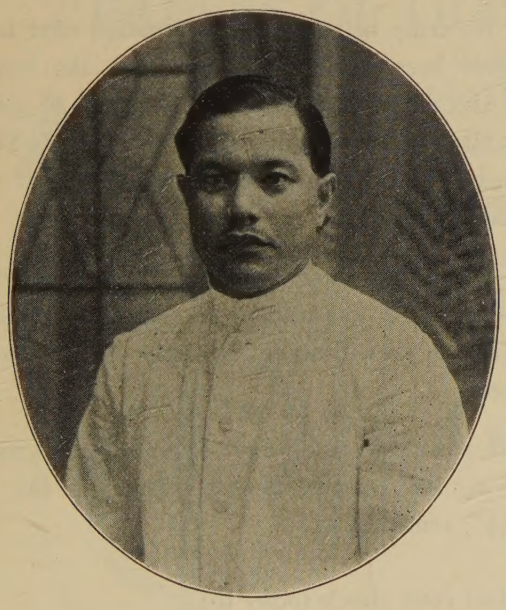
ed in the home atmosphere, for ministers and church school workers who wish to include in the religion they teach the most vital problem in the world today, and for citizens who cherish the ideal of world brotherhood. It is a most readable discussion of the problem with specific illustrations of what others have done.

The Turn Toward Peace, by Florence Brewer Boeckel, Education Director of the National Council for the Prevention of War, Friendship Press, N. Y., cloth $1.00, paper $.60), was written for the use of women's clubs, men's forums, and other community groups, as well as for individual reading, and discusses Ways and Means of Settling Disputes without War, What Delays the Abandonment of War, Forces Making for Peace.

So Youth May Know, by Roy E. Dickerson (Association Press, N. Y., $2.00) is a frank exposition of sex facts, ideas, ideals, and relationships for boys and young men.

Pass on the Torch, by Allen Eastman Cross (Pilgrim Press, $1.00 second printing), is a collection of hymns and religious verse of which Dr. George A. Gordon says, "Many are the hearts that will rejoice in this little book, and many there will be who give thanks for the guidance and inspiration of this gifted writer. Dr. Cross is the best writer of hymns of his generation." "A Psalm of New Hampshire" is specially majestic and "Vesper Sparrow" particularly sweet.

Puritan Principles and American Ideals, by Henry Hallam Saunderson (Pilgrim Press, $2.00) is a striking picture of the pioneers who laid the foundations for the American life we know today. To the genius of the Puritans the American Republic owes its essential spirit. Among subjects treated are the Sources of Puritan Culture, Creative Principles of the Puritans, The Power of Puritanism, Dynamic Ideals.



LEJOLAN

Grandson of High Chief Kabuwa who saved the first "Morning Star" and the missionaries whom other native chiefs had planned to kill. Lejolan gives his large assembly hall for church and school purposes on Jebwar.

Equipped to entertain
COMMITTEE MEETINGS, CONFERENCES, AND CONVENTIONS
in a quiet, attractive environment
THE NORTHFIELD
East Northfield, Mass.
Convenient New England resort for a
WINTER VACATION
with ideal facilities for Rest and Winter Sports
Rates reduced for the winter months.
Illustrated folder upon request.
AMBERT G. MOODY, *Manager*

OLD COLONY
TRUST COMPANY
17 COURT STREET
BOSTON
★
devotes its principal attention to Fiduciary and Corporate Agency fields. Strengthened by the addition of the Trust Department of The First National Bank of Boston, it is today, more than ever, the largest and best equipped Corporate Fiduciary in New England.
Trusts and Executorships handled by the combined institutions over $355,000,000
Affiliated with THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK *of* BOSTON

Appreciation of Justin Abbott

(Continued from page 71)

dominates. It is from this that our author has gleaned for us the treasures of prayer and devotion for us in this small volume. Dr. Abbott has given suitable short introductions dealing with the life and work of each of these poet-saints. From these we find that there are among them men of all castes and communities, and that people of India have made no distinction at least among their saints in regard to their caste, color or class. Instead, among India's saints there are many who came from the untouchables.

One only wishes that a book of this kind were published in this country so that it might reach a larger number of people than it would possibly do in its present form. However, all those who are interested in India, especially those who want to know what India's religious life has been in the past, ought to read this invaluable book, and not only their misconceptions about India will vanish, but they will receive a new inspiration which will enlarge their vision of the hidden but none the less real unity of all mankind and the overwhelming grace of God which leaves none of His children without His light. Dr. Abbott has had such a vision.

The Doshisha Today

(Continued from page 58)

and asked the Doshisha church for a special opportunity to make confession of their faith, in order that student leadership on the new campus and in the new dormitory might be in the name of Christ. The Barnabas Club, of which they are members, has grown till its undergraduate membership is about a hundred. The owner of the dormitory says that 60 per cent of the boys in it have openly become Christians.

Time would fail me to speak of the Christian influences in the Girls' School and in the Theological School with its constant stream—fluctuating to be sure—of earnest young men going into the evangelistic field. But what I have said is concerning those departments of the school about which there has been doubt, and what I have said antedates the change in administration which all our correspondents in Japan declare to be a very successful Christian movement.

Last year saw a large number of Christians added in one revival where the work was done without calling in outside help. This, too, is evidence of the Christianity to which the Doshisha not only lays claim, but to which it attains.

Our Special Offer

If you are one of the many who have desired to own the **Weymouth, "New Testament in Modern Speech,"** here is your opportunity.

By a very special arrangement, the **Missionary Herald** is able to offer to its readers:

The **Missionary Herald** for one year, regular price **$1.00**

Also a copy of the latest edition of the **"New Testament in Modern Speech,"** bound in genuine leather, flexible covers, round corners, gold edges, printed on the very best grade of India paper, black binding, pocket size (3¾" x 5½"), without notes, retailing for **$2.25.**

Both for $2.50

We truly believe this combination offer has never been duplicated, and while the stock of the New Testaments lasts, we shall be glad to fill orders from all parts of the world. The book will be sent postpaid upon receipt of your remittance.

While this offer is primarily intended to secure new subscribers to the **Missionary Herald**, we will accept renewals on the above basis.

(If you desire the larger edition, with notes, in genuine leather, black binding, size 4¾" x 7¼", remit $3.00.)

Mail your check today to:

Harvey L. Meeken, *Agent*

14 Beacon Street, Boston.

LAST CALL FOR THE 1931 YEAR BOOK OF MISSIONS

YOU will surely want to send in your order for the new Year Book promptly to **make sure of your copy.** We have included every bit of information you as a friend of the Board interested in its work or in some special mission, missionary, institution or other project could wish. You will find within its covers:

Biographical sketches of all our missionaries, with present location and special work. These are in alphabetical order and are followed by an alphabetical list of associate missionaries, giving the term of service of each one, his special work, and the name of the college, mission, or other organization which has engaged him.

The early history of the American Board and a description of its present organization, with the names of its officers. Its aims and its standards.

The story of the beginnings of each Mission; the names of its secondary schools and colleges with their latest enrollment; the names of its hospitals and dispensaries with the number of patients treated during the year.

New outline maps of each Mission with the names of all the Stations in bold type. A list of these Stations, giving the dates of their establishment, their distance in miles from each other, the pronunciation of their names, statistical tables.

The Postal Addresses of our missionaries given in a clear and explicit form. Rates of postage; dates of shipments to the various missions; directions for sending parcels and boxes; currencies of foreign lands.

The Calendar of Prayer has been used extensively by pastors and friends of the cause. There is a Roll of Honor of emeritus missionaries, who have spent each from a quarter of a century to half a century on the foreign field.

The Cover of the Year Book for 1931 is unusually attractive—pale rose with a unique and lovely photograph reproduced against this delicate background.

A charming gift this little book would make. Some people use it quite extensively in this role at Christmas or New Years.

Send 35 cents to **Harvey L. Meeken,** agent, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., for your own copy. Or send a dollar bill for your copy and two gift copies.

DISCRIMINATING PUBLISHERS SPECIFY
AND
WISE PRINTERS USE

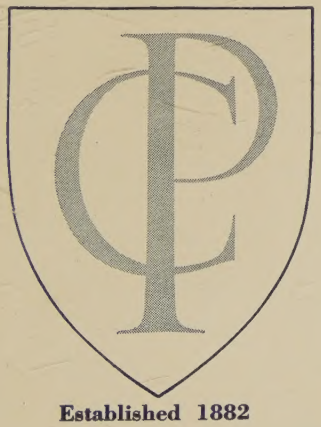
"PAPERS OF OLD-FASHIONED QUALITY"

MADE AND DISTRIBUTED BY

TILESTON AND HOLLINGSWORTH CO.

"Paper Makers for More Than One Hundred and Twenty-Five Years"

MILLS AND OFFICE
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



Established 1882

The Commonwealth Press

Printers Building
44 Portland Street
Worcester

Constant and Dependable Printing Service

CONDITIONAL GIFTS

A Conditional Gift is just what the name implies. It is a gift on condition that the donor, or someone named by the donor, shall receive an annuity for life, but it also has other advantages.

First, The donor has the assurance that the money which is given under this plan will go to help spread the Gospel in foreign lands.

Second, The donor is relieved of the problem of investing his money.

Third, In a way the donor acts as his own executor, because he gives his money during his lifetime and yet is assured of an income on the gift.

The investment of funds given this way is in the hands of a Committee, all of whom have excellent judgment and broad financial experience.

The rates paid on Conditional Gifts have recently been increased, and the Treasurer will be glad to answer any questions regarding further details.

FREDERICK A. GASKINS, Treasurer,
14 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts

FORM OF BEQUEST

The following form may be used if you desire to leave money to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions:

"I give and bequeath to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts in 1812, the sum of.....dollars."